

JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 303

SATURDAY MARCH 28, 1912.

ONE PENNY

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.)

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For meaning of
this No. see
Page 394.



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

A FREE GIFT

Mrs. BULL'S UNIQUE OFFER.

I want all the lady friends of every "John Bull" reader to see a copy of my journal, and for this reason:—It has been so vastly improved that once seen all your lady friends will want it every week.

Accordingly I make the following offer: Send me a postcard stating "Please forward me a specimen copy of 'Mrs. Bull'." and I will send post paid a free copy of my journal with a FREE PATTERN enclosure to every applicant. In addition, to the sender of every 20th postcard, I shall present a special gift of a Pretty Striped

MATERIAL

SHIRT BLOUSE

READY TO WEAR.

Address, "Mrs. Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Mark the envelope "Blouse."

The object of my offer is to introduce my journal to non-readers—so my regular readers should not apply—their opportunity will come later.

Last date for sending is March 28th.



Mary

FOOTBALL VOUCHER

MARCH 23, 1912.

See page 111 of cover.



"Waiting to be Shaved"
is a perpetual source of
annoyance and waste of
valuable time.

Almost every man knows the inconvenience and discomfort of a shave at the average barber's. Nine times out of ten you find at least three or four other "waiters" to take their turn before you—and while you wait, others come in.

- The barber is generally "busy"—He must get his work done quickly, so you, as well as others are "rushed" through in order to be ready for the next.

Your time is too valuable, so free yourself from all this trouble and inconvenience. Buy a

CLEMAK



Safety Razor 5'

and shave in comfort throughout your life. The CLEMAK has established its reputation amongst shaving men who, having tried other razors, find that irrespective of price the CLEMAK is the best.—It gives a clean, close, comfortable shave every time.—Prove our statement—Buy one to-day.

The CLEMAK Safety Razor is BRITISH MADE—simple—strong—durable. The CLEMAK Complete 5/- Outfit consists of Triple Silver-Plated Frame (beautifully finished), Self-contained Stropping Handle, and Seven Perfect Blades (these blades are made of the Finest Grade Sheffield Steel, hardened and tempered by a Special Electric Process); the whole contained in a case, size 2 ins. by 3½ ins.

We also make a specially finished case containing twelve carefully selected CLEMAK Blades, an extra heavily silver-plated CLEMAK Frame, CLEMAK Stropping Machine, and a superior Velvet Hide Strop.

Price Complete 10/6.

Obtainable from Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc., or post free direct from CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Buy a CLEMAK Safety Razor To - Day — and it will prove your friend for life.



JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XII. No. 303.

Week ending Saturday, March 23rd, 1912.

One Penny.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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The John Bull League.

ABERDEEN AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

A WHIST DRIVE AND DANCE

WILL BE HELD IN
THE EMPRESS CAFE, UNION STREET,
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27th.

Partners drawn 7.45 p.m. sharp.

Tickets (price 2s. Ladies: 2s. 6d. Gents., including refreshments) may be obtained from the Hon. Branch Secretary, Mr A. T. Fairweather, 58, Elm-bank Terrace, Kittybrewster.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"STOP THIS FOOLING."

The Government has at last come round to the view we placed before them weeks ago—that nothing but stringent legislation will meet the coal crisis. But—how can any Party draft the necessary measure? Fear of the miners' vote will be the predominating consideration. Fear of Nobody and of Nothing is the only remedy; Government of the People, for the People, by the Government. There, in a sentence, you have the distinction between Clap-trap and Common-sense. We will deal with the measure next week. At the time of going to press it has not been printed.

ON THE FENCE—AND OFF.

If the "leader" of the Labour Party in the House of Commons had the courage of some of his convictions—if, that is to say, he voted as he talked—the Government would be in many a tight corner. Never has his masterly silence in a time for speaking been more strikingly manifest than during this coal crisis; but then, never was a politician so wise after the event, so foolish before it, so brave when there was no danger. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald played the old game at Bury by bobbing up to proclaim the dilatory and inefficient activities of Mr. Asquith. Why did he sit so long on the fence, kicking his heels, before he jumped down? If he knew better than Mr. Asquith what to do and when to do it, why didn't he instruct him on the floor of the House? There is too much bunkum and fustian about this gentleman, and it is time he found himself out.

A DEMOCRATIC AUTOCRAT.

Mr. Asquith has been saying, by the way, that no one foresaw more clearly than himself how the Insurance Act "must from the point of view of the Party Electoral Balance-sheet be written down for the time being not as an asset but as a liability." If these words mean anything, they are an admission that the majority of the electors is and has been opposed to the Act. What then becomes of the democratic principle? We can quite understand a benevolent despot legislating on the ground that an unpopular law will eventually benefit the people. In the same way a conscientious father may use the rod for the education of his child. But we find it very difficult to reconcile Mr. Asquith's attitude with the formula about Government by the People, etc., to which we have already referred.

ENCOURAGEMENT!

"I am writing to thank you," says a Leicester reader (a well-known local public man), "for your magnificent work in fighting the Prudential octopus. It is God's own work you have taken on yourself—this fight for the poor and helpless." That is the sort of letter that does us good.

A BAR SCANDAL.

We direct the special attention of our readers to the article, under this heading, on another page. Next week we may announce a sensational development.

THE COMING WAR.

Once again we warn the nation that war is in the air. It only wants the Coal Strike to last another month, and it will be wonderful what pretexts will be found for "diplomatic complications"—and Germany will be at the back of all of them.

WANTED—A MAN!

Has anyone seen a Man about lately? The breed looks like soon being as extinct as the horse—except, as with the horse, for sport and play.

THE WHITE KNIGHT.

Probably it was a coincidence that the laying of the foundation stone of the new Civic Hall, on the Thames, was performed by His Majesty on the eve of Mr. Edward White's retirement as chairman of the London County Council; possibly His Majesty was induced to expedite the ceremony, and peradventure if it had been delayed until the appointment of a new chairman, Mr. White would not now have been Sir Edward. Rumour afoot is that the authorities opportuned the King while he was on the raging main, but, of course, rumour is not always true. What is certainly singular is that Mr. White, as the leader of a Party which made an election cry against this beautiful but costly Civic Hall, should have dropped into such an honour on such an occasion. Not always, however, do any of us reap what we have sown. Many disillusioned Party politicians will tell you that even if you sow a whole constituency it does not always come up a knighthood.

A CROSS CROSS-EXAMINESS.

Mr. Justice Horridge has a discernment which has the honour of our approbation. In the Moser slander case, for instance, where the dentist plaintiff sued a woman for writing wicked stories about him, his lordship stopped the defendant in her cross-examination of the plaintiff to say he wished her to understand that she had no right to abuse the occasion for the purpose of venting her feelings against the lady the plaintiff had married. "I solemnly warn you," he concluded, "that these Courts are not to be used for the purpose of venting feelings." Now, this is excellent as far as it goes, and when his lordship and other judges rebuke counsel offending in this way, there will be substantial and welcome occasion to hail a brighter and a fairer dawn. Meanwhile, one twitter doesn't make a summer, and one *ipse dixit* doesn't make a legal revolution.

LAMBETH BRIDGE.

The Lambeth Bridge Bill has been thrown out of the House of Commons, as it deserved to be. The bridge as proposed was an absurd toy, for if a man, a dog, a motor-car, and a cabbage cart had passed over it at the same time, the odds would have been that one or all of them would have been crowded into the vasty deep.

A POSER.

The other day a member asked our sapient friend, Mr. McKinnon Wood, whether any steps would be taken this session to carry out the recommendations of the Departmental Committee with reference to fiars prices. The right hon. gentleman said that he fully recognised the importance of the subject, but could not at present give any undertaking as to legislation. One Member confessed his deplorable ignorance by stating that, as the matter was important, he would like Mr. McKinnon Wood to say what fiars prices are. No wonder the indignant Minister disdained to answer so elementary a question. Why, our office boy, when asked, trotted out, without taking breath, "The prices of grain legally struck or fixed for the year at the Fiars Court, so as to regulate the payment of stipend, rent, and prices not expressly agreed upon." Oh, the blessings of free education!

INSANITARY RIVER CRAFT.

When do those lighterage companies which run insanitary craft up and down the river intend to put their abominable stock in order? And why doesn't the Board of Trade instruct an inspector to pay surprise visits to them? Considering that foodstuffs are conveyed from dock to dock in these craft, the public have an obvious right to demand a better state of things. In the sanitary sense, the vessels are an offence to the community.

MARRIAGE AND BUSINESS.

Nobody has had the smallest objection to Sir Sherston Baker getting married, so far as we are aware, but there are a great many people within his County Court jurisdiction in Lincolnshire who would like to know why his Honour's wedding should be allowed to interfere with his Honour's official business. He was expected to turn up at the Spalding County Court the other Wednesday, but failed to do so. Certain litigants were, of course, greatly inconvenienced, but apparently this does not trouble his mind. If, however, his Honour is getting tired of his job, will he kindly intimate the same in the usual manner?

CRUELTY TO—OYSTERS.

Report has it that the president of the Alabama State Oyster Commission is about to inaugurate a campaign for the prevention of cruelty to oysters. We have often wondered what are the feelings of an oyster while it is passing down our throat in a state of vinegar and pepper, and, on the whole, our conclusion has so depressed our ethical conscience that if the Alabama gentleman will extend his campaign to mussels, cockles, whelks, "scallops," and winkles, we shall be inclined to put our hat under our arm and join the procession.

PRIESTLY PROHIBITION.

In the course of a frantic article on the iniquity of opening a picture palace on Sundays at Earlsfield, the Rev. Douglas Tudor Craig, M.A., Vicar of St. Andrew's, says that "at S. Gregory's Roman Catholic Church the priest-in-charge has forbidden his flock to attend in the week while the place remains open on Sundays, and we venture to predict that much the same policy will be followed by both Churchmen and Nonconformists." This is tyranny with a vengeance. Our suggestion to the people of Earlsfield is that if they wish to attend the picture show on Sundays they should attend it and tell the priest, the parson, and the pastor to go to Jericho.

VICIOUS.

The Wisbech magistrates have given a labourer six weeks' hard labour for begging. We would like to give them six weeks' hard labour for giving it to him.

PITY THE POOR BREWERS.

Though there is absolutely no truth in the rumour that Mr. Samuel, the Postmaster-General, has taken on a Nonconformist Conscience for personal use, there is not a shadow of a doubt that he is horribly afraid of it. "Why should the advertisements of firms (in the wine and spirit trade) be refused (for the Post Office stamp books) which pay enormous contributions to the State?" Mr. Croft, M.P., asked him in the House of Commons the other afternoon. "I do not think advertisements should be accepted which are likely to be controversial," said Mr. Samuel. Mr. Lloyd George is now daily expected to jump up to say that he does not propose to stick on liquor and other taxes which are likely to be controversial. To refuse the advertisements of a trade from which the State is drawing millions of annual revenue just because Clifford, Whittaker, Meyer and Co. prefer pop to beer and slave-grown cocoa to whisky, is the most grotesque and offensive humbug.

CHICHESTER BENCH AGAIN.

The Chichester Bench, Mr. E. E. Street in the chair and Mr. O. N. Wyatt supporting, continue their mercies to the beggar. Latest accounts show them giving 14 days' hard labour to one man and 7 days' to another, neither having been previously convicted—at any rate, nothing was said on that point. This sort of sentence is legal but not just, and it will always be incredible to us that men of humane minds can inflict it.

JUDGE GRAHAM OF BRADFORD.

His Honour Judge Graham, who succeeded Judge Bompas at Bradford, may as well know that he is not giving the most unqualified satisfaction. A judge who is always reserving his decisions is apt to come perilously near being a special sort of nuisance within his particular sphere. It seems that his Honour postpones his judgments with aggravating frequency, even in the simplest cases. He must subscribe to the forthcoming *Lay Lawyer*.

THE SINS O' "GOWF."

That the Royal and ancient game of golf has much to answer for has never been a question in dispute among the theologians, but surely it is a rather startling proposition on the part of the Bishop of Barrow to assert that the novel and the golf course have a great deal to do with the limitation of families. What his lordship probably means to infer is that people would rather spend their time reading novels and getting into bunkers than in encouraging the cradle trade and the milk industry. No doubt there are many bad novelists with small families, but this may be due to the fact that it is hard to make a living at 4d. per nov. On the other hand, there are many good golfers with large families—but that is no business of ours, anyway. Then there is the Bishop of London. We know not whether his lordship is a good golfer or a bad one, but he is certainly a golfer of some sort, and he has no children at all. Now does the Bishop of Barrow allege that the Bishop of London—well, with all respect, we suggest that the Bishop of Barrow should cultivate his own garden and not make so much of a sermon about that of his neighbour.

"BRAVO TICKETS."

A Burnham Market reader suggests that we should issue "Bravo Tickets," in the form of "practical fivers," to people "who have by dint of grit kept themselves from being submerged into 'Human Documents.'" He instances the case of a farm labourer who, after fifteen years in one situation, found himself stranded and in such dire straits that his children "dug up the bones in the Old Friars' Abbey and sold them to a ragman to get a loaf of bread." Our correspondent adds, not without force, "When there is poverty like this in the country, every penny subscribed to convert a pomaded nigger is a wrong. Can't we have a home mission to look after the bodies as well as the souls of our fellow-countrymen?"

LERWICK AND ITS REFRESHMENTS.

Inspired by "petitions from the churches," one Councillor Ratter has been rising in the Council Chamber of Lerwick to propose that the sale of refreshments should be allowed in that place only from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. on week-days. This would not only shut every place where refreshments are sold, even the grocers' or the bakers', at 10 o'clock every night, but all day on Sundays as well. Nobody would be able to buy even a sandwich or a cup of coffee after 10 at night or at any time on Sundays. We trust the Lerwick people understand what these sanctimonious goody-goodies will drive them to if they are not careful of their reasonable liberties. As the fishermen only get ashore on Sundays, to deprive them of all chance of obtaining refreshments would be outrageous. We gather that the Chief Constable reports the refreshment houses to be admirably conducted. The whole agitation is being got up by that familiar class of people who seem to have come into the world to try and make existence for others as dreary and dismal as possible. We have a fair memory, by-the-way, and we do not forget that recently the Town Council of Lerwick had to condemn as unfit for habitation about 20 wooden houses occupied by fishermen, that the churches have kept silent about them, and that some of the owners are professing Christians.

AN "OMNIBUS" BAZAAR.

Really, when we can light on a sixpence we don't want, and nobody wants from us, we shall consider about sending it to the Rev. Kaye Dunn, of the Bermondsey Mission Chapel. Never was such disaster since the flood. Forty-seven years of wind and weather have undone the chapel roof, and he wants £60 to stop up the holes. It appears that when the stormy winds do blow the windows creak and rattle, unnerving the congregation; the organ has been silent for three weeks because a vast hole has appeared in the bellows; the exterior brickwork is in a bad state of damp and rot; and, finally, the heating apparatus broke down ten years ago and has never been well since. Next week or the week after the minister may tumble through the pulpit floor, and the congregation may be kicking and groaning beneath a fallen roof. But if our rev. friend gathers enough at his "Omnibus" bazaar these final calamities may yet be averted—wherefore anybody who has a trifle to send may send a trifle.

BLIND AND HELPLESS.

Has anybody in particular noticed the statement made by the Home Secretary a short time ago that 40 per cent. of the blind came under the operation of the Poor Law? The State disgracefully shirks its duty towards the blind—shirks it educationally and in every other way, and if it were not for philanthropy not 40 per cent. but 95 per cent. of them would be under the Poor Law. The State, in fact, forgets there are such people in the world as those who move through it in unlifting shadow—or is it that as the blind can do nothing for themselves, the State thinks it ought to do nothing for them? It is a wicked proposition.

SHARING OUT.

It is thus that one gets on the bedrock of human nature: A Bradford parson, the Rev. H. Gresford Jones, told his congregation the other day that "wealth is ennobled by being shared," but such is human nature that everybody, or nearly everybody, wants to share his wealth only with somebody who has more than himself. Though the ennobling of wealth by sharing is a pretty gospel, it cannot be denied that many a rich man gets into the House of Lords, if not into heaven, without sharing it with anybody.

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

There is a chance that presently people who are fond of law will be able to get more of it for their money. Though the new County Courts Bill passed Committee in the House of Lords last year, Ministers were unable to find a place for it under their sheltering wing. We hear it is to be reintroduced, and if there is not too much of a pandemonium in the Commons it may get through. The object of the measure is to extend the jurisdiction of County Courts so that they may take cases which now have to be brought in the High Court. The net prices per step may be about the same, but there will be fewer of them, and litigants will sooner know their fate. Still, law will always be rather dear at any price. Voltaire said he only twice regretted going to law—once when he lost his case and once when he won it. And you may take our word for it that, as a gamble, there is nothing in the world to beat it—not even a church raffle! Of course, under a Business Government we should have a short and sharp method of settling disputes.

AN AGAPEMONE POET.

"The 'Abode of Love'—*afraid of raid*—
At last will close its doorway.
Smyth Pigott—'Ruth-less' renegade—
Will leave these shores for Norway."

AGAIN.

A crowd of those extraordinary philanthropists to whom the heathen Chinese is so dear has issued still another appeal for funds. Headed by Lord William Cecil, the Baptist Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, the China Inland Mission, and the Friends' Foreign Mission, are circulating a request for money with which to relieve the distress of 2,500,000 Chinese said to be suffering from famine, with the touching note that six shillings will keep a family for a month. Hasn't it occurred to these funny folk that if the Chinese are able to subscribe funds to carry on a great revolution, they are well able to feed their own starving poor? Besides, we may be face to face with famine ourselves soon, and six shillings a family will come in very handy.

BREAD AND MILK.

If a man is ready to risk imprisonment for the sake of a small loaf of bread, we should say he must be fairly hungry. And there must be a good many fairly hungry men about, judging from the number of prosecutions for stealing loaves. Of course it is wrong to steal, but hungry men are often invited to commit this little crime by the habit bakers' men have of leaving a cart full of bread, temptingly accessible, unattended in the roadway while they go about the neighbourhood delivering from a basket. It is not surprising if hungry men help themselves; nor is it surprising that starving out-of-works cannot resist temptation when they see the milk that is left so conveniently on the doorsteps. Yet somehow magistrates never seem to think of pointing this out to prosecutors. A counter-charge of inciting to steal would not be altogether out of place sometimes.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Because, among other things, the reading of Sunday newspapers "tends to ignore the divine ordinance of one day in seven for worship and rest," the Pembroke branch of the Imperial Sunday Alliance calls upon all good citizens in that locality "to unite in suppressing as far as possible the Sunday newspaper traffic by refraining from and discouraging the buying and selling of newspapers on the Lord's Day." While they are about it, they may as well unite in suppressing the Imperial Sunday Alliance, which is a puritanical nuisance in the guise of a boon and a blessing to men. As we have often pointed out, there is less justification, accepting the Sundarian point of view, for the suppression of Sunday newspapers (seeing that they are printed and dispatched to their wholesale distributors on Saturday) than for the suppression of Monday newspapers, which are almost wholly a product of Sunday labour.

A DISS DECISION.

The magistrates of the Diss Petty Sessional Bench are queer, after their kind. That a labourer who was before them a few days ago was guilty of stealing straw there can be no doubt, but if in view of the fact that he was a first offender they thought the case one for a fine and not for imprisonment they should have inflicted such a fine as such a man could pay, and give him time to pay it. They imposed a fine of 40s. and costs, or a month in default. The man asked that the Court should take £1—all he had then—and allow him time for the remainder. "We won't give you any time," snapped the chairman. "If you have £1 to pay now you will escape some of your alternative sentence." By good luck, one of the man's friends came forward with the money. That, however, does not alter the fact that by this method all the poor defendants would go to gaol and all the others would stay out. But perhaps this is what the Bench is driving at.

TERRIBLE DOINGS AT SOUTHEAD.

Albert Taylor, a boy of 15, was seen in the station approach by a cabman, who heard him ask a passenger to be allowed to carry his luggage for twopence. Presumably because he yearned to carry it himself for threepence, the cabman reported the boy to P.C. Barron. Being unemployed at the time, and contemplating a pleasant job to while away the weary hours, the P.C. laid hands on Taylor, took him on the platform, demanded his name and address, and was not only refused the precious information, but was apparently opposed to the utmost of the youthful might and had his face slapped by a young lady who became one of the audience—the sequel to all this being that the boy was summoned before the judgment seat for touting at the station and put on probation for six months. There is a rumour that the cabman thinks he should have had a testimonial and that the policeman thinks himself entitled to promotion, but no confirmation is forthcoming.

CERTAINEMENT, OUI.

The York Central Mission recently promoted a fancy fair. Perhaps because it was too fancy, perhaps because it was too fair, it was boycotted by all the professional religionists in the city with the exception of one Church of England clergyman and one Non-conformist minister. As the Lord Mayor remarked at a sale of work, it is decidedly shocking that this spirit prevails among the Christian clergy of the city, though the Christian clergy give the rest of the population so many shocks in these days that one more or less should not surprise either him or us. However, we shall look for improvements.

LEICESTER INFIRMARY.

We direct the attention of Sir Edward Wood, who we believe has great influence with the managing committee of the Leicester Infirmary, to the cost of that institution as compared with the cost of the infirmary in the neighbouring town of Derby. Leicester has 237 available beds; Derby, 229: number of in-patients treated to a conclusion, Leicester, 3,026; Derby, 2,576: total cost, excluding rent, rates and taxes, Leicester, £15,972; Derby, £10,365: average cost per bed occupied, Leicester, £76.4; Derby, £53.9: average cost per bed on total ordinary expenditure, Leicester, £89.6; Derby, £64.5: average cost per in-patient, Leicester, £5.2; Derby, £3.7: average cost, provisions per bed, Leicester, £20.8; Derby, £16.5: surgery and dispensary, average per bed, Leicester, £11; Derby, £8.9: domestic expenses, average per bed, Leicester, £17.1; Derby, £12.2: establishment charges, average per bed, Leicester, £7.1; Derby, £6.2: salaries and wages, average per bed, Leicester, £26.3; Derby, £16.6: management, average per bed, Leicester, £5.5; Derby, £2.9: average cost per in-patient per day, Leicester, 4s. 2½d.; Derby, 2s. 11½d. The figures are extracted from the 1911 "Burdett." How is the greatly increased cost at Leicester accounted for?

J. H. BALFOUR-BROWNE, K.C., ON PARTY.

"It is difficult to believe that the country has, at any one time at its disposal two sets of men equally capable of governing; and even if we were convinced of the fact that it was so fortunate, we should think it a curious waste of the highest moral and intellectual power which the country can produce, that while the one set were doing the work, the other set should be doing their best to make it impossible for the first to discharge their all-important duties. Such a method has never been tried in the transaction of any other business than that of government."—From "Political Essays," Vol. II.

LACK-LAW LAWYERS.

Fancy a lawyer not being able to make his own will properly! Yet many of them can't or, at any rate, don't. The most recent example is the late Mr. Lushington, K.C., once Judge-Advocate-General, who left an imperfectly attested will and codicil written on two separate sheets of notepaper. Other lack-law lawyers who made similar mistakes were Lord St. Helier, once President of the Probate Court (!); Lord Grimthorpe; Mr. Henry Stephens, K.C.; Sir John Beckett, once Solicitor-General; and Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, the two latter Lord Chancellors. Perhaps they did it as a last cynical jape, showing the futility of placing faith in forensic familiars. The *Lay Lawyer* is coming.

AT LAST.

All our troubles are at last over. Here is a letter we have received from a Birkenhead reader:—

I am one of your humblest admirers, and think you are far too clever and generous a man to be made poor. Here is a bit of *gratis* information for you: On the day of the Lincolnshire the numbers 4, 8, 10, and 13 will rule. On Grand National Day 7 is the lucky number. Now I have no practical knowledge of racing, but can boast a tidy stand-by of second sight. You, as a sportsman and business man, will know how to adapt what I have written, and when you've made a tidy haul, remember your humble admirer in Birkenhead.

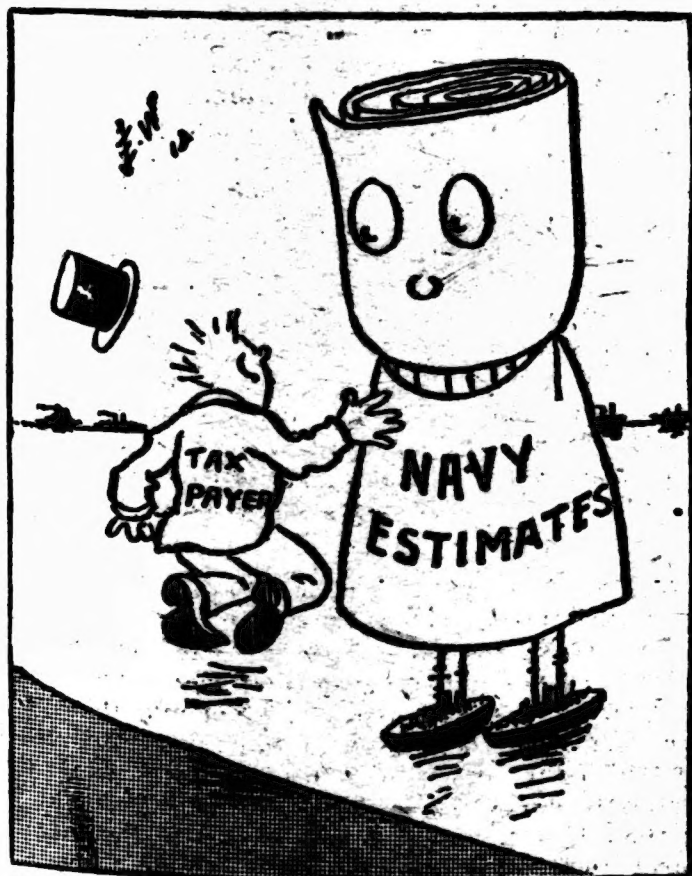
We need scarcely add that our joy will be shared by the knowledge that all our friends will participate in the good things!

A NEW NERO.

There was a debate in Parliament the other day—something about the poor. The outcome was that Mr. Burns challenged the Eton second eleven to a cricket match with the boys of the Poplar Poor-house; and the papers say that the suggestion "has aroused widespread interest." Talk of fiddling!

AN AMUSEMENT TAX.

So the Chancellor of the Exchequer is thinking of taxing amusements at last. He is getting on.



NEW ARRIVAL: "HELLO, CHUMMY! THINK I'VE GROWN?"

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

["Taking the Biscuit" has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.]

For stating, regarding Miss Christabel Pankhurst, that: "Her friends know NOTHING of her movements and the police know LESS,"

THE LONDON EVENING TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, according to the "Lancashire Daily Post," that: "Alderman Bickerstaffe had been a member of the Town Council since 1880, since when the population had increased MORE THAN FIVE TIMES, and he had had MUCH TO DO WITH ITS GROWTH,"

COUNCILLOR HOLT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting a presentation to Lord Fingall for his valuable services to the Meath Hounds, "particularly in taking over the MASTERSHIP on two separate occasions when a Master was NOT NEEDED,"

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH (Dublin)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in an advertisement of "Imaginary Speeches," published in the "New Age": "READERS of first large edition NEARLY EXHAUSTED,"

MESSRS. STEPHEN SWIFT AND CO. (10, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a report of the evidence of Dr. Willcox, the Home Office analyst, in the Seddon Trial, that he spoke "in his precise way, at the rate of about TWO WORDS AT A TIME,"

THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that during the recent strike of German miners the police "charged the crowds with BLANK SABRES,"

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting Captain Amundsen, the Antarctic explorer, as stating that: "At the POLE ITSELF we were on a vast, apparently level area, with a slight slope away SOUTHWARDS,"

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a letter published in "Farm, Field and Fireside," that farm servants "sometimes are provided with lamb that has been DEAD an hour or two before being KILLED, also mutton of the same class,"

"RED CLOVER"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating: "It is SAD, indeed, to think that Mr. Leopold (de Rothschild), who has nearly attained the allotted span of life, should have had such a miraculous ESCAPE from a TERRIBLE END,"

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating of one of his characters, in a story published in the "Penny Magazine," that: "At first he switched on the ELECTRIC light FULL, but at once LOWERED it to a tiny SHIMMER. No need of much light for what he was going to do,"

MR. OLIVER MERLAND
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED.

We give 2s. 6d. to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same "Biscuit" be forwarded by more than one competitor, preference will be given to the reader whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue.

A BAR SCANDAL.

**A WORD WITH MR. ASTBURY K.C.—STRONG COMMENT IN THE LEGAL PRESS—
WILL THE BAR COUNCIL TAKE ACTION?**

We have been desirous of in no way prejudicing Mr. Astbury, K.C., in his conduct of the Prudential Company's "case" against the Editor of this journal. We therefore refrained from comment upon his extraordinary behaviour in connection with the recent Contempt of Court proceedings—preferring to wait until he had had full opportunity of completing his work, on behalf of the Prudential, in Mr. Bottomley's Public Examination. Upon the assumption that by the time these lines are read such will have been the case, we now make no apology for directing the attention of both the public and the legal profession to what we cannot describe in any other terms than a grave Bar scandal—and one calling for the immediate attention of the Bar Council.

It is strange enough to witness the spectacle of Mr. Astbury, one of the leaders of the Chancery Bar, sitting daily by the side of Mr. McCardie, the leading junior of the Common Law Bar, and another junior—in the well of the Bankruptcy Court, *pledged not to leave the place*—pocketing fees amounting in the aggregate to several thousands of pounds, taking the lead in attacking a man *for whom he had previously acted as counsel*. And all on behalf of a creditor for £1,500! This, we say, is strange enough. It reflects neither dignity nor honour on the Bar. But we let that pass. Mr. Astbury must be the judge of how far it was consistent with his position, and with the best traditions of his profession, to hire himself out for such a purpose. And he *should* know better than we what the Temple and Lincoln's Inn are saying.

A SCANDALOUS PROCEEDING.

But when a King's Counsel discards the silk gown of his calling for the uniform of a Scotland Yard detective—in a case in which he is professionally concerned—what shall we say? Let us state the facts as actually revealed in Court. Mr. Astbury, who, with Mr. McCardie, had been specially retained by the Prudential in connection with Mr. Bottomley's affairs, was instructed to apply, or advised an application for attachment for Contempt of Court. Before these proceedings were contemplated, Mr. Bottomley, in the course of conversation with another member of the Chancery Bar, at the end of a professional consultation, had referred to the matter of Mr. Astbury's acceptance of the Prudential retainer and had made certain comments, including the suggestion that "if Astbury were wise, he would put his fee in his pocket and tell the Prudential not to make fools of themselves." This message was apparently passed on to Mr. Astbury in the course of conversation between him and the other member of the Bar in question—Mr. Arthur Sims. Nothing more, however, appears to have been said about the matter till the evening before the Rule Nisi for attachment came on for argument. And then a most extraordinary thing occurred. We give the story as told by Mr. Bottomley in the witness box, and as uncontradicted by either Mr. Astbury or Mr. Sims. Mr. Astbury saw Mr. Sims and asked him to write a letter *as of that date*, saying he "felt it his duty" to tell him what admittedly he had told him weeks before—i.e., of his conversation with Mr. Bottomley. Mr. Sims was evidently distressed, and he sent for Mr. Bottomley and actually showed him the form of letter which had been drafted in consultation with Mr. Astbury; and then, after Mr. Bottomley had protested against both the accuracy and the regularity of the letter, ensued this remarkable statement: "*I know I am putting a great strain on your faith in my loyalty, BUT I MUST WRITE SOME SUCH LETTER. Some*

day you will understand." Was anything more extraordinary ever spoken by counsel to client?

But that is not the worst of it. The letter written, and in Mr. Astbury's pocket, what did that leader of the Chancery Bar—a Bar which is in the habit of rather looking down upon its *nisi prius* brethren—proceed to do? Unaware that Mr. Sims had shown Mr. Bottomley the draft, or that he knew of the interviews, Mr. Astbury actually told the Court that "*on the previous day certain information had reached him.*" And when he found out what Mr. Bottomley knew, how did he endeavour to explain away this statement? By way of "personal explanation," he told the judges that he had decided to treat the interview he had had with Mr. Sims as one "*for the purpose of asking advice*"! The judges said nothing.

Will it be believed that the original draft letter, settled by Mr. Astbury with Mr. Sims, and admittedly referring to something which Mr. Sims had told Mr. Astbury weeks before, contained the phrase, "I have been much troubled in my mind about something I feel I ought to tell you"? Well may Mr. Sims say, "Some day you will understand"!

THE PRESS ON THE SCANDAL.

That we are not without ground for complaint will be gathered from the following extracts from the press. First we have the *Law Journal*, under the heading of the "Ethics and Etiquette of the Bar," saying:—

The impersonality of the advocate is one of the first axioms of legal conduct, and although great lawyers have sometimes offended against it, such breaches have never been allowed to pass without protest from the Bar and the Bench. It is on that account that a counsel is rigorously excluded from bringing before the Court any knowledge of facts he may have derived outside his professional instructions, and the generally accepted view is that a member of the Bar having such knowledge must choose between appearing as witness or as advocate. He cannot fill the double character. A more serious point than this, which is strictly one of professional etiquette, is the question of ethics involved in the procuring through another member of the Bar of the written evidence which clinched the case against the respondent, and the use made of that evidence.

If confidence has in any way been shaken by some of the incidents in this case it is a fit subject for inquiry by those who are the ultimate court of appeal on questions of professional conduct.

Then *Truth* has the following:—

The Bar is speculating just now as to whether the Bar Council will take up the etiquette questions which arose in the Bottomley contempt case. It is a most unusual circumstance for a letter written by one counsel to another counsel engaged in a case to be used by the latter as a piece of evidence on behalf of his clients. The great rule of advocacy is that counsel appears to place before the Court facts on which he is instructed, and not what he knows or believes himself. If he has obtained independent knowledge he ought to be a witness. The etiquette point in the Bottomley case is whether the information ought to have been supplied or used.

It is remarkable that counsel of the eminence of Mr. Astbury should allow obsession to overtake him thus. The more malignant and unscrupulous the methods of his clients, the more rigidly honourable and correct should be the methods of the advocate—who, in the words of a great judge, should never "abandon the weapon of the warrior for the poisoned dagger of the assassin." *We shall hear more of the matter.*

AN INDIAN OUTRAGE.

BRITISH MAGISTRATE AND NATIVE BABY.

Readers of the eloquent pages of Macaulay will have obtained some idea of the public outcry in this country which followed the revelations of the gross abuses of the unfortunate natives by the officials of the East India Company appointed to administer justice, the great wave of indignation culminating in the tedious and abortive trial of Warren Hastings, who was justly looked upon as the head of the new Nabob plutocrats, though for his undoubted great transgressions there were many palliations which did not apply to the conduct of most of the other Anglo-Indians, as he, after all, did render immense service to this country by playing a leading part in the acquisition of a mighty empire, at a time when in practically every other part of the world the Union Jack was meeting with disaster and disgrace. Macaulay congratulated himself and his readers that, with the transfer of government from "John Company" to the Crown, all the harshness and veniality of the administration of justice had been removed. What would he have said to the following case?

In January last a child of seven, the son of a respectable native of Chingleput, "shouted out 'salaam' in a loud and vociferous voice" as Mr. G. H. B. Jackson, the joint magistrate of the place, was riding past his father's house on a bicycle. The high-souled honour of Shallow-felt besmirched. He promptly haled before him the hardened black ruffian, bombarded him with the dire pains and penalties of "Section 504 of the Indian Penal Code," and after adopting the same practice as Mr. Astbury by making some statement—to himself, in this case—which he now denies was evidence, sentenced the child to a fine of Rs. 5, or a week's rigorous imprisonment!

It would be interesting to know whether this baby was actually rigorously confined in an Indian prison. The climate alone is such as to render insupportable to an adult—let alone a child of seven—the most up-to-date prison, constructed upon European lines, which very few of them are.

And now—two months after this atrocity—the matter has been brought to the attention of the authorities at home, and they have expressed "severe displeasure" at Mr. Jackson's conduct, and moved the High Court to quash the proceedings. But the artful Jackson apparently got wind of it, and himself annulled the conviction!

Perhaps if Mr. Jackson had experience of an Indian prison he would not send children to one. We think we are voicing the opinion of British parents, whose natural feelings have been outraged, in demanding that the British Government, whose honour has been besmirched, should visit drastic punishment upon this cold-blooded representative of "Justice"—who is quite unfitted to masquerade in its sacred name.

"SECRETARYSHIPS."

A PECULIAR TELEGRAM.

The "private secretaryship to a gentleman of position" is the legitimate ambition of many young, energetic and well-educated men. From the nature of the post, a personal recommendation is almost essential, and the object, according to its own circular, of "Secretaryships," is a perfectly legitimate and beneficial one. It states that its "affairs are controlled by a strong and influential committee of gentlemen, of whom the chairman is Sir Paynton Pigott, M.V.O., Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Norfolk." Persons wishing the body to interest itself on their behalf are obliged to pay a subscription of three guineas. A correspondent did so on December 21st last, and immediately afterwards received the following telegram:

If you care to telegraph fifteen pounds before four can purchase particularly good introduction not essential to you obtaining good appointment later but unusual immediate opportunity Oxley Secretaryship Walter House Strand.

Our correspondent did not take advantage of this tempting opportunity, and has heard nothing from the people since. We are enquiring further regarding the concern.

FEEDING A DOG ON ITS OWN TAIL.

NO LUCK IN TEA LEAVES.

The latest practitioners of the old bonus tea dodge appear to be Ellis and Reid, who, although their handbill states that they have "branches everywhere," are unknown to the compilers of the London Post Office Directory, while they give no address other than that of their Glasgow establishment, 88, Great Clyde Street, City.

It will be remembered that this favourite form of the old trick of feeding a dog on its own tail consists of inducing people to take a weekly supply of high-priced tea upon the promise that when their turn comes round they will be paid certain sums, according to the amount regularly taken. The tea is usually of very poor quality—that supplied by Ellis and Reid at 2s. 2d. being, in the opinion of a customer, inferior to what is sold by well-known retailers at 1s. 4d. However, this correspondent, being told by a glib-tongued canvasser that she would receive a couple of guineas in a few weeks, took a pound of the tea from May last until a fortnight ago. It is true that in October she was getting discouraged, and wrote to the office asking when she would receive the money, but she failed to obtain a reply. She repeatedly asked the boy who delivered the tea, and was told it would be "in a few weeks," and subsequently that the distribution was coming into her district soon, then that a considerable sum would be paid before Christmas, then that she would get it on New Year's Eve, then that her name had been sent to "the head office in London," and ultimately that she would receive it on the Monday following. As, despite these promises, nothing was forthcoming, this very patient purchaser considered she had tried her luck long enough with tea-leaves.

It is true that on the firm's handbill there is the usual statement that they are to be bound only by the printed conditions of their circular, and that agents have no authority to specify any date as to when the free cash gifts are payable, but the only "circular" seen by our correspondent is the handbill referred to, and it contains no definite promise of the distribution of any sums whatever—it merely mentioning the names of a few people who have received small amounts. It would, indeed, be quite open to Ellis and Reid to refuse to pay anything.

Though an old trick, it is doubtless still a profitable one.

THE "HEAD HUNTER."

"NO ASSUMED NAME," BUT A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

Heading his handbill, "No assumed name with this firm," Frederick G. Hunter, of Basle, Switzerland, invites persons in this country to bet with him upon the results of football matches. Hunter, it would appear from his announcement, is very proud of his name, but seems modestly diffident regarding his physiognomy—for, though the bill is embellished with a charming mobile countenance, it is that which playgoers expect to see when they flock to theatres at which the name of Martin Harvey tops the bill. The many lady admirers of that clever actor should send to Hunter for a copy of his adaptation, in order to see whether they like their idol when adorned with a cavalryman's moustache. Hunter says he can be found at all times in the "Silver Ring at the Southern Meetings." We wonder whether he makes up to sustain the part. We should rather, in view of his "capture," have expected to find him in Borneo, among the head-hunters.

Joking apart, it is rather rough on Martin Harvey.

A DILATORY FIRM.

Messrs. Fisher and Sons, of Artillery Place, Woolwich, claim to have been established over 80 years, and style themselves Government Contractors. In the weekly papers they advertise sundry cast Government stores for sale—and, of course, they require cash in advance. One of our readers sent an order last January, and up to the time of going to press has not received the goods.

We have received a copy of the first edition of Mayhew's "Who's Who in Finance" (Parliamentary Section). It is published at 25s. net by the compiler, Colonel Mayhew, at 4, Pall Mall Place, London, and there is no longer any reason why inquisitive constituents should not be familiar with the financial records of their M.P.'s.

THE NAUGHTY BALLET GIRL.

ANOTHER "CONVERTED ACTOR" ON THE PROWL.

By HARTLEY PARR.

There is a certain type of Puritan who loves to hear about sin, especially that particular misdemeanour prohibited by the Seventh Commandment. He may not actually practise this form of worldliness, but he likes to play with the idea. Thus it comes that any man who will bring forth a denunciation of any class other than the Unco' Guid Brigade is assured of a delighted hearing and a comfortable livelihood. For him the hospitable doors of the chapel gape, his the "collection to defray expenses." If he exposes the wickedness of the stage, it is the one safe bet. The small tradesmen who make up the bulk of modern Puritanism seldom visit a theatre. They are ready—even eager—to believe the worst of a profession which they know absolutely nothing about.

Therefore I congratulate Mr. F. Spencer Johnson. I should say he is on a good thing.

He is running a lecture entitled "Does the Stage-door lead to ruin?" The delicate suggestion of spicy revelations is alone sufficient to pack Little Bethel to the doors.

"Mr. F. Spencer Johnson," we are told, "has passed from the stage to the pulpit, and has established the London Evangel Movement." Observe the precious phrase, "passed from." It suggests a "call."

"In America Mr. Johnson was an actor-vocalist and society entertainer."

Who is Mr. SPENCER JOHNSON?

Although I claim to have a fair knowledge of stage matters on both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. F. Spencer Johnson is "a new one on me," as his compatriots would say, but we will let that pass. In this country an actor-vocalist hardly ranks in the first flight of his profession, but we will let that pass also.

Let us see what this gentleman has to say about his fellow-players. After some florid passages concerning the glamour of the footlights, Mr. Johnson (as reported in the *Daily Dispatch*) says:—

Hundreds went wrong through this stage fever. They seemed to go right off their feet, and, making no steps in the profession, drift away. It was simply because they had a wrong idea of what stage life really was.

This is that dangerous thing, a half-truth. Doubtless hundreds of stage girls do "go wrong," but what of the many thousands who do not, whose lives are just as clean and honourable as those of any other women? Is there any profession or business, in which girls earn a living, where hundreds do not "go wrong"?

Apparently Mr. Johnson had no revelations to make regarding, for instance, drapers' shops. I know something of these establishments, and I say emphatically that many of them are sinks of iniquity. But a denunciation of the seamy side of the drapery business would not go down well with a Puritan audience, and our Apostle is silent.

The calling of women in which the illegitimacy rate is highest is that of the domestic servant. And who are responsible for this awful distinction? Largely the sons of the canting humbugs who gloat over these scandalous attacks on the stage girl. Not always the sons alone—sometimes father takes a hand. It was not an actor who recently betrayed a servant girl and then tried to save himself by throwing dirt at her reputation. That scoundrel was a Nonconformist "Divine."

But I digress. A little more Johnson:—

Addressing an imaginary mother, who took her daughter to the theatre, and who "clapped and applauded some girl dressed in tights, and salved her conscience by calling it a pantomime," he asked her if she would approve of her own daughter appearing before people "like that."

"We should be ashamed of calling ourselves Christians to make girls dress in this fashion." If they remonstrated, the manager would tell them frankly that he was there to please the people who paid to see such exhibitions. Talk to the people who patronise the show. These, he declared, were the people who were dragging girls down to ruin.

MR. JOHNSON ON TIGHTS.

The idea that it is disgraceful to wear tights would only appeal to persons whose prurient imagination is stimulated by things quite innocent in themselves. The man whose "lower nature" is aroused by the sight of a pantomime

chorus should hie him immediately to a hermit's cave. Mr. Hubert Bland has recently pointed out that the sanctimonious Puritan is not naturally an ascetic, but a man whose animal passions are much stronger than the average. He judges others by himself. Where the man of the world sees only beauty, he observes the cloven hoof. This is profoundly true. I protest against the criticism of harmless entertainments by individuals whose moral eyesight is abnormally active and, at the same time, myopic.

Although admittedly not a mother—imaginary or otherwise—I will take it upon myself to say that I shall have no objection to my own daughter's appearing "like that," when she is old enough to join an honourable profession. I have many friends who appear "like that" nightly, and the effect upon their morals has not been markedly deleterious. In fact, my opinion is that actresses, as a class, are rather better than the average in this respect. They know how to look after themselves.

As for the people who patronise the show—considering that not one in a thousand of them ever meets his stage favourites in private life, the charge of "dragging girls to ruin" is wildly fantastic. It is, to speak plainly, rot.

If Mr. F. Spencer Johnson has really been on the stage, he must know that nothing is more difficult, in any decent theatre, than for an outsider to get behind the scenes. A girl cannot be dragged to ruin by merely being gazed at through opera-glasses.

That some actresses are women of loose morals is undoubtedly true—so are some Sunday-school teachers. But the vast majority of both classes are pure women.

MR. JOHNSON'S "REMEDY."

Having done his worst with the stage girl's character, Mr. Johnson is naturally expected to propose a remedy for the evil that he alleges. This is it:—

There was a great deal talked about elevating the stage. "The best thing you can do," he told his audience, "is to elevate Christian life, and the quicker the better. Some people are turning the church into a theatre, and the nearer you get to the theatre in your church the nearer you get to the pit. Some churches are merely dramatic training grounds for young people, and the entertainment and show business has got such a grip that they are looking to those means to draw the people."

The old, old urge! Kill-joy again! Cut out all amusement, reduce life to a deadly, dull monotony, and Little Bethel may come to its own.

I have one final word for Mr. F. Spencer Johnson, and his admirers (if any).

Get after the real evils of the day. Help the girls who are "dragged to ruin" by starvation wages—by overwork and underpay, and leave alone those women who are earning an honest livelihood in a perfectly reputable way. Thus, and thus only, will you gain the respect of decent men.

"A SPECULATIVE BUILDER'S LAMENT."

A PLEA FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE EQUITY OF REDEMPTION.

An interesting letter has reached us from another builder, who—after confirming the statement of our first correspondent that for the last three years it has been practically impossible to make a profit or sell property—says that the only way in which the building trade can be made to revive and regain the status of a staple industry is to alter the law as to the position of the mortgagor. To-day a builder takes a mortgage, and very often a few months afterwards is called upon to repay the amount. If he is unable to find the money, the mortgagee proceeds to take possession and sell, with the result that the mortgagor's interest is practically gone. If Mr. Lloyd George would only bring in a short Act making it incumbent on the mortgagee to respect the mortgagor's equity of redemption, then builders would be able to sell their property, because purchasers would feel that the little money they were investing would be protected, and not, as it is to-day, at the mercy of unscrupulous solicitors, who, in order to get more costs for preparing fresh deeds, advise clients to call in their money. Says our correspondent, "So long as a mortgagor pays his interest, and keeps the property in a good state of repair, he should at least be protected by the law, and not robbed of his savings."

THE TEMPERANCE STIMULANT ASSOCIATION.**LIVING BY TAKING IN EACH OTHER.**

The ingenuity of some people seems limitless. In a recent case of a Liverpool paper there appeared the following advertisement:—

Secretary required by Association, principally registration and control of supervision; small salary and commission to commence, after which salary of £3 per week is paid.

A reader who applied for the post received the following communication from "Secretary's London Office," 120, Clapham Road:—

In reply to your letter following our Advertisement, we enclose an Application form from which you will gather the Aims and Objects of the Association, which is of a Co-operative nature.

The Secretary is required to organise his districts upon his own responsibility, and requires a small capital to commence with, as he must pay to the Financial Secretary 1s. 3d. for each membership book of ten certificates of 6d. each, and 1d. for every application form valued at 3d.

The number of books required is 100 and 1,000 application forms, making together £10 8s. 2d. in value.

This cash payment is necessary, as the name of the Secretary is printed on these Certificates and all printed matter.

The Secretary appoints all Supervisors in his district.

The remuneration of the Supervisors is 10s. per week, and 25 per cent. on all monies collected from members enrolled by him.

Supervisors must obtain 10 new members per day, so that the minimum income of the Branch can be considered as at the rate of 7s. 6d. per day from each Supervisor, less 1s. 8d., as his salary.

The income of the Branch is further augmented by the fees for the 3d. application forms, commission from Railway Companies, Loan Offices, Houses supplying goods on credit, and correspondence fees with the different Branches relating to the inquiries of members.

The Secretary's salary is £1 per week for the first three months, plus 10 per cent. of all nett profits from his Branch. After three months, the salary is increased to £3 per week.

Should the position which we have to offer and the conditions satisfy you, we shall be pleased to hear from you by return of post, as a member of the Committee of the Association will visit your district within the next few days. On making inquiries as to the objects of this "Association," we find they are set forth as follows:—

To promote Temperance and prevent intoxication and its consequences.

Membership can be obtained by any person over 14 years by paying 1s. for the Certificate, including List of Agents.

ADVANTAGES.—Members receive a discount from all Retail Agents on cash payments for goods they buy from them.

Members having introduced Three New Members receive the following Advantages Free of Charge.

Introduction to friends for obtaining Furniture, Jewellery, Clothing, etc., on Credit at the cheapest price and easiest terms not obtainable elsewhere.

To Banks for Loans, where easy conditions and low interest is arranged.

Members requiring Servants or other employees are recommended to members requiring same (!).

Members requiring Situations or Employment of any kind are introduced to good Masters and Mistresses.

Members having Board Residence, Furnished or Unfurnished Apartments to offer—Members requiring same can be continuously introduced.

Members in want of Board Residence, Furnished or Unfurnished Apartments, are recommended to respectable Members offering same.

Travelling Members are recommended suitable Hotels, with fixed charges per day, week, or month, in accordance with their requirements and means.

RAILWAY RATES.—Reduced Season and Excursion Tickets are also obtainable through the Association for Cash or Part Payment.

Truly we have some "fly" gentlemen at Clapham. What says the L.C.C. as regards these people coming under the Employment Agencies Act?

"SUBSTITUTION OF FURNITURE."

With reference to the paragraph appearing under this heading in our issue of March 9th, and referring to a bedroom suite purchased "at a shop at Finsbury Park," we are requested by Messrs. Wortleys, of Seven Sisters Road, to make it clear that they were not the firm in question—and we have much pleasure in giving publicity to that statement.

A FEW "PRUDENTIAL" ITEMS.

THANKS FROM AGENTS AND POLICY-HOLDERS—WIDE-SPREAD INDIGNATION AT COMPANY'S TACTICS.

Pending the completion of the Editor's Public Examination, we are holding our hand in regard to the hundreds of further cases which have come to our knowledge of fraud and forgery on the part of the "Prudential." We do not want it to be said that we are bringing any kind of pressure upon the Company to abstain from taking an active part in the proceedings. But at an early date we shall add many more to the two thousand claims for the return of premiums which we have already been the means of establishing—and we shall agitate for a Government Inquiry into the whole matter.

In the meantime, we give one or two interesting items—not the least gratifying of which to ourselves is the knowledge that we have been the means of forcing the hands of the directors in their relations with the Superintendents and Agents—who, as we have so often pointed out, have been practically compelled to resort to irregular methods of obtaining business, and have been frequently driven to despair by the parsimonious and harassing conditions under which they have had to work.

Writing on behalf of himself and other members of the National Association of Prudential Assurance Agents, one of the London representatives of the Company says:—

The Prudential Agents have just received a permanent increase of "new business" salary. The Company, of course, will make out that they granted this increase entirely of their own accord, our Agents' Union will say that "they" got it, and our Federation will swear that "they" got it, but the truth of the matter is—JOHN BULL and JOHN BULL only—got it. I estimate it would have taken our Union and Federation combined about five years to "beg" about half of what your powerful and dreaded journal has wrested in twelve months.

Although I must say the Superintendents and Agents deserve much of the blame you attach to the Company. I am most pleased at the recent and just turn of events, owing to the mean, wretched way the Company (being undesirous of facing the music in a Court of Law, as the K.C. consolingly advised the attacks were beneath contempt), at enormous expense, though the Superintendents and Agents deluged the policy-holders with all kinds of literature, making out that Mr. Bottomley was a fraud, and we were perfectly straight, immediately and since your first article appeared last March. This trick was resorted to in the endeavour to hide from the public the guilt of the Company and outdoor staff.

It is all your own now with the Prudential. Instead of them smashing "you" it is in your power to cripple "them," should you be merciless enough to do it.

The Company are slowly and reluctantly beginning to put their house in order, and the Agent's life is now worth living, for we are not goaded and hounded into getting new business "by any means," as we were before the commencement of your "cleansing" operation.

POLICY-HOLDERS' THANKS.

And here is a specimen of the kind of letters we are constantly receiving from grateful policy-holders:—

25, Bristol Road, Brighton.

March 7th, 1912.

I feel I ought to thank you for your valuable assistance, for your advice in JOHN BULL has enabled me to recover my premiums from the Prudential. They fought hard to prevent my claiming, so I at last told them I would send a copy of the whole case to you. I knew I was honestly right, so I consulted a solicitor, and with what result the enclosed letter shows. You can make use of this case for publication if you wish. I am not afraid of my name and address, and there are hundreds at Brighton who could reclaim their premiums if they once had a start. As you did not take the 1s. P.O. may I be allowed to give it to your most charitable work under heading "Human Document"? You are doing an immense good to the public, and I wish you and your good work every success.

Yours gratefully,

A. SAXBY.

PUBLIC INDIGNATION.

FROM BRISTOL.—The name of the Prudential now stinks in the nostrils of all honest men.

FROM LEEDS.—It would be more honest to devote the thousands they are spending on trying to crush you to the relief of some of the families they have defrauded.

THINGS THAT MATTER.

BUILDING THE NEW BRITAIN.

BY NORMAN TIPTAFT.

[Mr. Tiptaft continues his series of articles on the new order of things to arise out of the present social unrest.]

In my last article I pointed out the inevitability of the ordinary working man obtaining eventually a fairer share of the good things of life, and the impossibility of our ever again enjoying industrial peace until he had it. In this article I want to prove that such a change is eminently desirable from a national standpoint, and to indicate the possibilities by which we are faced.

"Twelve millions perpetually on the verge of starvation." "The average wage in 38 skilled trades is 24s. 9d. a week." "Half the children born in working class districts die before they are five years old." These are not my figures; they are the calculations of men who have made the study of social conditions their life work. However, one need not refer to blue books to discover these things. Walk through the Scotland Road part of Liverpool, the Floodgate Street area of Birmingham; Ancoats, Manchester, or the various slum districts of London, Newcastle, Glasgow, or any large town, and you will see men, women and children living under such conditions as no decent man would allow his horse or his dog to exist in. As a matter of fact, the mortality among horses and dogs is far less than the mortality among children. We recognise that animals have a value to the community—it is only the human being who doesn't count. The result of all this is that we withdraw a large number of our people from useful productive labour, in order to make them policemen, warders, lawyers, judges, workhouse attendants, etc.—just to look after, punish and control this very class of human being that we are perpetually breeding.

"ALL MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER."

The man in the street must wake up and recognise this fact for he is, because of it, in grave danger. It is impossible under our modern system of society to separate ourselves from each other. All the various parts of the machine stand in the closest relationship, and a coal strike of certain low-class miners means that high society and art and all the superior persons and intellect of the country will have to go without their dinners. In the same way, as Carlyle pointed out years ago, while I may most decidedly object to admitting kinship to some beggar in a slum, the beggar gets typhoid fever, passes it on to me and thus compels me to acknowledge his relationship. Whether we like it or not "We are all members one of another."

Such being the case, it is a most necessary and desirable thing, even in the interests of the middle and upper classes themselves, that the lower classes shall become as comfortable, healthy, educated and well developed as possible. This organisation of police, judges, lawyers, etc., is tremendously expensive to us—to you and me, ordinary common men in the street—in addition to providing no cure. That is the absurdity of it. We are spending a tremendous amount of time and money—we are paying to have this thing cured and it is simply becoming worse. The gulf between the rich and poor is widening. The number of imbeciles, won't-works and unfit is increasing. The general standard of the country's workers is becoming lower despite our higher medical knowledge and scientific skill. The pick of our workers and the middle classes decline to have large families, and the result is they are being exterminated. Our mentally defective, our criminals, our hooligans are breeding like rabbits.

POVERTY THE ENEMY OF EMPIRE.

The bulk of the crime of the country is crime against property, in the large majority of cases caused by poverty.

Neither drink nor gambling, nor the craze for amusement, nor Pharisaism are the main curses of this country, but poverty. It is poverty that fills our gaols and asylums and workhouses. It is poverty that causes the perpetual unrest and disturbance between capital and labour, and it is poverty that must be abolished if the Empire is to survive.

All this stuff that is talked by certain noble lords and big financiers and party newspapers about the "Red Peril," the "end of all things," "paid agitators," "whiffs

of grapeshot," and so on, is simply so much rot. The man in the street has to choose between the cultured idleness of a few parasites, or the organisation of a clean, strong, healthy Empire. Make no mistake—the slums of Whitechapel are the natural corollary of the wealth of Mayfair. Let both of them alone and Britain will go the way of Rome, Egypt, Greece and all the other civilisations of the past. The disease of poverty has to be removed from the land as deliberately and as scientifically as the disease of smallpox. It is a simple proposition: there is only so much wealth in the country—if the bulk of that wealth is in the hands of a very few people, the big majority will have to go short.

If, further, we withdraw a large number of our citizens from producing the necessities of life and make them judges, warders, etc., those who are producing those necessities will have to produce not only enough to keep themselves but to keep all the hangers-on as well. If, in addition to this, we maintain a standing army of unemployed varying from half a million to a million and a half whom we refuse to allow to work and yet who somehow or other continue to exist, we still further tax the capacity of those who are working, because all who are either unemployed or employed at useless labour are living on those who do the necessary productive work.

THE NEW TEST OF CITIZENSHIP.

Our only chance, therefore, if we wish the Empire to continue, is to insist on such a reorganisation of society as will make it easy for the well-fed, strong, useful portion of the community to reproduce itself and increase; while eliminating those who are vicious and useless; that will increase the number of producers to the maximum and abolish as far as possible those who are merely consumers. The new test of citizenship must be—not "How long has your family lived in England?"—but "What service have you rendered to the nation to justify your being allowed to live in it?" The country is not rich enough to afford the luxury of maintaining idlers. Such a state of society may be brought about in two quite different and distinct ways. One is Socialism—a word which is at least familiar to the ordinary man, even if he has the vaguest ideas of what it actually is—the other is the "servile state," a term which is certainly not so familiar as Socialism. The difference between the two is that, whereas the Socialists advocate the taking over by the State of all the means of production and distribution and their working, for the benefit of the whole people, on co-operative lines, with, of course, the abolition of the present division of society into masters and servants—those who believe in the "servile state" would retain the present method of doing things, only making the barriers between employers and employed more rigid than they are at present, but at the same time guaranteeing to those who belonged to the working classes adequate maintenance—after the manner of the slave owners in America.

THE TWO ROADS.

It would be a return to the Feudal system, wherein the lord—now employer or superior person from one cause or another—would receive the larger portion of all the things produced, but would, either individually or collectively, have to provide sufficient of the necessities of life for those who produced them. Socialism is the dream of those who are anxious for an upward step in the evolution of the race. The servile state is the ambition of those who are anxious to maintain the status quo. Under either, it is possible to abolish the poverty which is at present eating out the heart of the nation.

Whichever we adopt—the decision rests with the man in the street. One would have thought a return to the servile state an impossibility, considering the education of democracy, and yet the Insurance Act has proved quite clearly that such a return is not at all outside the bounds of probability. Mr. Good has shown in his series of articles how its object is the enslavement of the workers in the interests of the capitalist classes, but the Insurance Act is merely a sample of the trend of modern legislation. Granted that there are some problems which can only be solved by the principle of compulsion, it yet behoves the workers of the country to exercise eternal vigilance as to whom they entrust with compulsory powers. Certainly the classes and interests represented by the two big political parties are the last to whom the ordinary man should entrust further facilities for enslavement. How and by whom such powers might be safely used, I will indicate later.

LEGAL "AID" SOCIETIES.

A WARNING.

There are hundreds of so-called Legal Aid Societies scattered about the country which, instead of assisting poor people out of legal difficulties, only bleed them for as much as possible, and often land them into still further trouble, out of which it is impossible to extricate them.

Generally these Societies are merely *aliases* of a class of solicitors of the most undesirable and incompetent type. Even if a matter placed in their hands is successfully carried through, the client invariably finds that it has cost him considerably more than if he had gone to a reputable solicitor in the first instance.

A correspondent complains bitterly of the way he was treated by the General Insurance Bureau Legal Aid Society of 184, Regent Street, W, which seems to be run by a solicitor named T. Hugh Horwood, and our correspondent—who is a poor working man—instructed him through the Legal Aid Society in January, 1911, to take proceedings against a man to recover damages for seduction. Horwood told our correspondent that it would cost him only £5 10s. as he (Horwood) would make £30 to £40 in costs from the other side.

In April, 1911, Horwood wrote stating that the defendant had offered £20 to settle the matter; our correspondent agreed to accept this, and it was subsequently agreed that the sum should be paid by instalments of £3 a month. Horwood succeeded in obtaining only one instalment, making, with the £5 10s. our correspondent had already paid, £8 10s. he had received.

In September Horwood wrote stating his costs came to £20 12s., and wanted to know what was to be done with regard to the balance. Our correspondent thereupon wrote a very strong letter—not too strong in our opinion; to this Horwood replied, taking exception to the tone, and asked our correspondent to call as he did not want to have any trouble about the charges.

We advise our correspondent not to pay anything more.

OUR AGONY COLUMN.

PERSONAL, NEXT-OF-KIN, AND LOST AND FOUND.

LOST, in the neighbourhood of Limehouse, a crate of RARE AND REFRESHING FRUIT. Anyone returning same to D.L.G., Criccieth, Carnarvon, will be suitably REWARDED. No questions asked.

LOST, in South Manchester, a handsome LIBERAL MAJORITY. A Large REWARD will be paid for the recovery of the same.—Apply, CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP'S Office, House of Commons.

BXNXR LXW.—For goodness sake don't fall into any more of A—th's traps. The pendulum is swinging. Don't get in the way of it and stop the clock.—JOE.

Will the LADY who threw half a brick through White-ridge's millinery window meet the gentleman who held her until a policeman arrived, when she comes out of Holloway? Reply here.—GREY SPATS.

DARLING.—I love you, my own precious darling. I fall at your feet and worship you, my angel. When shall we meet again, beloved? We close at one o'clock on Thursdays, after next week. I kiss you in thought, my beautiful darling. Put your reply under the loose half-brick, as usual.—SOFT GOODS.

CARSON.—? * — — □ () ; : 1 1 ' — ? ? * * * 1 1 1 .—RXDXXXD.

FOUND.—On the scene of the recent Suffragist riot in Kensington, a pair of lady's s—s, green, purple, and white silk.—Apply at NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

A.—Don't let it go to court. Settle claim at any cost.—PRU.

GLAD EYE.—Will the young gentleman wearing plush hat and yellow spats (and other things) who smiled at the lady who slipped on a piece of orange peel in the Burlington Arcade last Saturday, and did not offer to assist her, be at the same place at the same time next Saturday?—INTERESTED.

If MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, last seen at Clement's Inn, will apply at Bow Street police-station, she will hear of something very much to her disadvantage.

LOST, a small WHIP, engraved with the name of Haworth. Anyone returning same to the Party Hack Stables, Westminster, will be REWARDED.—H.H.A.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CLXXXVI

[In this column, every week, we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

8s. A WEEK FOR A FAMILY OF SIX.

Here is a sad case: A widow (her husband died nearly two years ago) and her five children are faced with the problem of how to exist on 8s. a week. This amount is earned by the widow herself. Her children's ages are 11, 7, 6, 4 and 2. It seems her husband met with an accident just prior to the birth of her last child. The widow received compensation, paid to her at the rate of £1 per week. But that sum is now exhausted, and the family is faced with starvation or the workhouse. We cannot help thinking that the compensation money was badly administered, as had she received a lump sum she might have started a little business. However, that is past and gone.

A few pounds will set this woman up in a little general shop. Will our readers help?

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named: CLXXXII.—"Another Mason," 5s. CLXXXIII.—K. C., 2s. 6d.; F. J. R., 1s. 6d. CLXXXIV.—W. D., 1s.; "Aunt Polly," 2s. 6d.; E. S. M., 10s.; K. C., 2s. 6d.; "Fag," 5s.; "Rahdol," 1s.; A. A., 4s. 6d.; J. S. B., 1s. 6d.; A. E. D., 1s. CLXXXV.—Miss A. S., 1s.; "Essex," 2s. 6d.; "One who has Lost the Best and Dearest on Earth," 2s.; E. H. J., 2s.; B. L., 2s. 6d.; J. S., 2s. 6d.

The 2s. 6d. acknowledged from "Nugget" in our last issue for "Human Document CLXXXII." was intended for CLXXXIV.—the donor having already given a similar sum to No. CLXXXII.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

We give below a further list of shopkeepers and tradesmen who have generously consented to exhibit collecting boxes for our "Human Document" Fund:—

N. AND N.E. LONDON.—Mr. A. Ambridge, "Birch Tree," Great James Street, Hoxton; Mr. H. Beeching 243, Junction Road, Holloway; Mr. Joseph Beckstide, 59, Hargrave Road, Upper Holloway; Mr. W. G. Biden, "Clothworkers Arms," 52, Arlington Street, New North Road; Mr. G. J. Bietsoe, 31-33, Canonbury Road; Mr. Harry Briggs, 50, Newington Green (tobacconist); Mr. L. F. Brown, "Alwyne Castle," St. Paul's Road, Canonbury; Mr. J. H. C. Cassell, 52a, Southgate Road; Mr. F. C. Duell, "The Clarendon," 92, Mildmay Park; Mr. J. Gomm, 128, New North Road; Mr. Edwin Morgan, "The Blackstock," Morgan's Corner, Finsbury Park; Mr. H. G. Farr, "Coach and Horses," Mathias Road, Islington; Mr. Jas. H. Stubbing, "Crooked Billet," 93, Hoxton Street; Mr. F. E. O. Arnett, "Clarendon," 86, Balcarne Street, South Hackney; Mr. A. Ball, 5, Westgate Street, Hackney; Mr. J. H. Bastow, "Devon Arms," Morning Lane, Hackney; Mr. H. Berman, 161, Hackney Road; Mr. O. G. Nosworthy, "Duke of Cambridge," Boundary Road, Walthamstow; Mr. H. Atkin, 5, Penton Street, Pentonville; Mr. Rudolph Artut, 515a, Kingsland Road, Hackney; Mr. G. A. Coleman, 3, Queensland Road, Holloway; Mr. D. Porter, 90, Hornsey Road (tobacconist); Mr. T. W. Porter, 714, Holloway Road; Mrs. E. F. Wartmann 256, York Road, "Butchers Arms," East LONDON.—Mr. Walter Blyth, "Bell and Mackerel," 333, Mile End Road; Mr. G. H. Dawson, "Anchor and Hope," West Ferry Road, Millwall; Mr. Arthur J. Bushy, 94, West India Dock Road; Mr. A. Johnson, 28, Haycock Road, Bromley; Mr. H. Arnold, "City of Canton," 2, Upper North Street, Poplar; Mr. B. Bannard, 11, Philpot Street; Mr. B. Benjamin, 65, Canal Road, Mile End; Messrs. D. Brackman and Son, 202, Jubilee Street, Mile End; Mr. P. Ellis, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, Poplar.

RECEIPTS.

LEEDS.—Mr. J. T. Rothwell, Cemetery Tavern, Beckett Street, 7s. 4d.; Mr. A. Brown, tobacconist, etc., 11, Queen's Arcade, 7d.; Mr. H. Hall, hairdresser, etc., 87, Kirkgate, 9d.; Mr. G. Hurst, hairdresser, etc., 33, Lady Lane, 4d.; Mr. E. Frain, hairdresser, etc., 21, Pontefract Street, 1s. 2d.; Mr. S. Alban, hairdresser, 7, Camp Road, 5d.; Mr. J. Fowler, North Tavern, North Street, 6d.; Mr. G. Sedgewick, Mason's Arms, St. James' Street, Woodhouse Lane, 3s. LEICESTER.—Miss M. A. Dudgeon, tobacconist, 40, Hinckley Road, 8d.; Mr. P. Bedford, 153, Upper Kent Street, 1s. 4d.; Mr. T. Fox, Fish and Quart Hotel, Churchgate, 3s. 6d.; Mr. J. Pratt, 13, Northampton Square, 1s. 7d.; Mr. W. Boulton, 256, Humberston Road, 1s. 2d.; Mr. G. Green, Hotel Balmoral, 9d. NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. O. Prince, Greyhound Inn, London Road, 3d.; Mr. F. Trout, New Inn, Union Road, 2d.; Mr. Dan Dominic, Golden Fleece, Mansfield Road, 2d. FAVERSHAM.—Mr. J. Duran, 14, East Street, 2s. 4d. Total, £1 6s. 2d.

Of the above collections, we have apportioned the following sums:—

CLXXXII.—10s.; CLXXXIII.—9s. 10d.; CLXXXIV.—6s. 4d.

EMIGRANT SHIPS.

THE SURGEON ON BOARD.

BY "GLORY HOLE."

I have come in close contact with many medical men. In conversation with my own family doctor a week or so ago, he said that a doctor takes a post as ship's surgeon for one of two reasons—either he is a slave to alcohol, or he is grossly incompetent. I share his view.

On my last voyage to the Antipodes, a third-class passenger became seriously ill a day or so out from England, brought about by excessive vomiting.

Two days afterwards I was sent to administer the first treatment, viz., to place a mustard plaster on his stomach.

As the patient *did not recover under this treatment*, he was ordered into hospital, *but he had to walk there*, a distance of not less than two hundred yards.

Two days after admission, I was deputed to take my turn nursing him, with the doctor's assistant (a steward).

This was the *very first care* this poor man had had during his now *fourteen days illness*, and, when it was *too late*, he had brandy, chicken, and doctor's visits *ad libitum*.

What we two male nurses had to endure during those sixty odd hours of the patient's life must be left to the imagination, for it beggars description. We were still in the tropics; the only port-hole in the cabin we had to keep closed owing to the kindly meant, but far too inquisitive, attentions of a large section of our passengers.

During the very frequent visits the doctor was now paying to the sick bed, he rarely stayed less than half-an-hour, during which time he usually sat on the edge of the patient's bunk, *staring at the bulkhead opposite*, probably *trying to guess what he had best do*.

I shall ever remember the night immediately before the patient died. At eight o'clock I went to an official, and asked him what I was to do, as there was a great change in my patient, and the first saloon were at dinner. "Well," said that official, "*do you think he is going to die?*" "Yes, I do indeed!" was my reply. "Well, then, *just let him alone*; the doctor will not thank you for disturbing his dinner."

After nearly three days of this special nursing, the patient sank and died, and as a result of the post-mortem the doctor arrived at the cause of death as "*cancer*."

From 11 o'clock until 3 p.m. the body lay in the alleyway of the hospital, so that if the other occupant of the port hospital had wished to go to the bath-room he would *have had to step over it*.

I am most emphatic in saying that had that man *had proper attention from the first*, he would be among us to-day.

Six days previous to sailing for home, I became ill with an abscess in my jaw; next day happened to be Sunday, and I did not answer my name at "muster." At 9 o'clock the second steward came and "*lugged*" me out of bed, with, "Who gave you permission to stay in bed? *There's a doctor aboard to lay you up*. Get aft to the surgery."

The doctor clearly saw I was bad, so ordered me to bed. On the *second day* I asked if I might have slops, as the "*spasm*" in my jaw prevented me opening my mouth. He ordered me beef-tea and milk, *which I did not get until two days afterwards*.

When I told him about it, he said, "*There, that's just what occurred to that poor chap that died. He didn't get anything I ordered him for days afterwards*." Can anyone imagine my feelings, low-spirited and weak as I was? I had been nearly *four days without food*.

Although I begged of him to lance my face, he refused. One evening I was in such pain I went up to the promenade deck, where I found the doctor in the company of the surgeon of a sister ship, just newly-arrived from England. I saluted, and asked him if he would do something for me. He thereupon took pains and plenty of time to describe *what he thought was wrong with me*, causing me to open my mouth a number of times for examination (*it was mid-winter*).

This brother doctor gave our man explicit instructions as to the "*mode of procedure*." As the dinner bugle sounded then, nothing was done for me.

I was too ill to go ashore to consult a private practitioner. This evil is wrought by an "*economy*," for the stipend is usually *£10 per month*, with certain fees which the doctor is entitled to charge but which he rarely gets, except from the first and second-class passengers.

THE COAL WAR.

A REPLY TO MR. NORMAN TIPTAFT.

BY H. W. PUTTICK.

I am afraid that, like the majority of Socialist writers, Mr. Norman Tiptaft allows his pen to run amok, and gives facts (*sic*) which he cannot possibly substantiate. I notice that he makes a statement to the effect that collieries pay as much as 33 per cent. dividend; I defy him to name such a colliery. The only one paying a dividend anything in proportion to this is a South Wales pit, which pays 22½ per cent. He forgets to mention the dozens of pits which pay no dividend at all. If an average is taken of all the pits of Great Britain, the dividend paid amounts to about 3 per cent. Surely not a magnificent return.

It is as well for Mr. Tiptaft and his Socialist friends to remember that, were it not for the public-spirited action of the despised shareholder in laying out his money in order to develop new coalfields, the rising generation who earn their daily bread at the pits would soon sink into unfathomed depths of misery and degradation.

The miners in 1910, through their leaders, signed an agreement for five years. They now wish to tear up this agreement and substitute one more to their liking. What would have been said of those hard-hearted wretches—the mine-owners—had they acted in similar fashion?

Mr. Tiptaft ridicules the idea of the mine-owners acting in the public interest. He must not forget that foreign competition is even now looming up like a nightmare in the coal trade; and, once the foreign coal displaces English coal in the markets of the world, the industrial supremacy of the British Empire is seriously threatened. I would go further and say that, if the minimum wage is conceded, vast numbers of miners will be thrown out of work, due to the lessened export of English coal.

The root of the trouble of these dissensions lies in the act of the miners themselves, viz., the Eight Hours Act. True, the Liberal Government passed the Act, but practically at the demand of the Labour Party. If this Act were repealed, and the two-shift system again brought in to replace the three-shift system at present in vogue, the probability is that 90 per cent. of the paid agitators would themselves need a job.

One more point Mr. Tiptaft deals with, and in this I am in agreement with him—the disgraceful mining royalties. The Chancellor of the Exchequer might employ some of his genius in devising a scheme by which the owners of the mining royalties would be compelled to disgorge at least 50 per cent. of their income.

WHY SHOULD THE MEN BEAR THE BRUNT OF ACCIDENTS?

A Leicestershire miner sends us a long, but very interesting, letter putting forward the view taken by his comrades regarding the coal crisis. Respecting the minimum wage, he says, "it is a difficult problem, as miners do not know themselves until the end of the shift whether the day has been good or bad for their pockets." For instance, a fortnight ago his mate proceeded to fill a tub when several tons of roof came slipping down. He then tells, in modest terms, of the exertions of himself and some companions, despite the imminent danger of another fall, to rescue their unfortunate comrade. The work of humanity took some considerable time, as did the breaking and shifting of large stones to prepare the way for re-timbering. This incident, he says, is one of many in a mine by which the men's time is occupied without their receiving a penny. Other cases by which they lose are when it is necessary to clear away the falls from the roads in order to permit the passage of the tubs, or when there is a breakage of the haulage rope, or a standstill through a shot mis-firing, as the men are not allowed near until the regulation time has expired. He says miners can fully realise why masters object to minimum wages. A poor man can suffer this loss. A master doesn't like to feel he is on the verge of bearing the brunt he says, "We will give the minimum wage, but we want a guarantee for the coals." The miners reply, "It is impossible. We have had our share to bear; why cannot you stand the loss too?" Our correspondent says that, of course, there are shirkers, but he believes that when a stall is able to send its coals without any obstruction, ample will be provided in any one day to fully guarantee an extra margin of profit for the masters, despite the granting of the minimum wage.

Are you a 30/- a Week Man?

Sir Hiram Maxim's Startling accusations—Why are there so few men worth £5 a week?

THAT great inventor and keen business man, Sir Hiram Maxim, in a striking series of letters to the *Daily Express*, makes some startling accusations against the modern business man. He says in effect that he, as an employer, can find thousands of men to fill jobs at 30s. a week, but that these men never improve, never become worthy of the positions at £5 a week.

And he says this is because the 30s. a week man never troubles to get any real knowledge of business. He does just what he *has* to do, and no more. But the serious part of the matter is that Sir Hiram is right.

Now once you admit that Sir Hiram Maxim is right, and that the 30s. a week man never rises because he never gets a real knowledge of his work, you should carry the principle a little further. You may smile at the shop assistant whom he describes who sold bottles of gum for years, and never noticed that they were labelled "mucilage," but he provides an object lesson to you, and there is one question you should ask yourself very seriously. Its answer may make a great difference to you if you mean to succeed.

In six words this question is:—

What Do You Know About Business?

At first sight you may be inclined to pooh-pooh the question, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet, without this Business knowledge, your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire to.

Without it you run the risk of being a 30s. a week man all your life, or, if not that, at any rate, a near approach to one.

Now what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Bookkeeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know much about the Income-Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Yet these matters are Business knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

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You must get the "Business Encyclopædia."

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition. It gives you new ideas, and it enables you to put into successful practice your own ideas.

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Whatever your business or position, the "Business Encyclopædia" can help you as nothing else can. To the junior it offers a knowledge far wider and far surer than any his Manager can have; to the Manager, it lends knowledge and that equally valuable asset, confidence in his decisions.

If you are doubtful as to how the "Business Encyclopædia" can help you in your particular sphere, send for a book describing its contents more fully than there is space for here. It is sent to you free, and places you under no obligation to buy or even to inspect the books.

TWO OPINIONS.

Messrs. J. S. FRY and SONS, Ltd., Bristol, write:—

"The volumes have already proved of great use to us, and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work."

Mr. G. W. READ, Clerk, Fortnam Road, London, N.:—

"I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

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DON'T KILL THAT CAT!**THE DIARY OF A DAY IN PUSSY'S LIFE.****BY LOUIS WAIN.**

Mr. C. Howard Turner's article needs some reply.

Let us compare a cat's day with a man's day, given that both are infectious or carry about with them the microbes of infectious diseases. The cat having been caressed by a fever-stricken person, escapes from the room in the early morning, goes down to the kitchen, and is turned into the garden. Jumping on the wall, it is met

All stuff and nonsense! I never hurt anyone!

by the barking of a terrier on the other side; frightened, it jumps back into the garden and on to the opposite wall, where it sees a deadly opponent, whereat it walks along the wall to the end of the garden, and, choosing a sunny spot on the wall, goes to sleep. The cook comes out after breakfast and puts a saucer of milk down for it. Total result up to 10 o'clock, three walls and one milk saucer infected. The cat then wanders to the front of the house and rubs itself against a lamp-post. A motor-car rushes by too quickly to take the infection, but the lamp-post is already a gone coon. A cat's-meat man comes along, and the cat is wildly excited till he throws down its ha'porth of meat on a skewer, when it grabs it, and rushing off into the garden eats the dainty morsel right down to the wood. The cat's-meat man escapes, but the skewer is infected. The cat then composes itself for a quiet nap to sleep off the effect of its orgie. It awakens by 2 o'clock and wanders back into the garden, jumps over the bottom wall into a neighbour's premises, scratches about among some geraniums, and goes to sleep again till tea-time. Three geraniums infected. Tea-time is the cat's soft time, and it wanders into the kitchen to make love to the cook, but the cook is always on her feet, and the cat has to be content with one saucer of milk and an hour's snooze before the fire. One saucer and one fire infected. Its power of infection is becoming weaker, and by the time it visits its neighbour's geraniums for an evening scratch, the plants are tolerably safe. The cat is then invited to the house for the night and ends its day in a cosy basket. One basket infected. Day's total damage—ask the microbes.

Now let us take the superior animal. He rises, goes to an infected room and bids farewell for the day to a sick wife. He gives the booking clerk an infected sixpence, offers the infected railway ticket to the porter to punch, gives an infected penny to the bookstall boy for a paper, brushes close enough to two people on the platform to infect them. After hazarding the lives of scores on his way, throughout the day he is the agent by which the busy germs improve their shining hour. Total of infections, 20 at least.

Let the cat alone, Mr. Turner. How good it can be to us when human sympathy is dead!

(We have received a large amount of further correspondence, but with the publication of the above article we think we have made full amends to Pussy.)



Cat to Fly: Hi! keep away, you're an infected personage, and a very dangerous one.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.**FRENCH CHEMIST AND ENGLISH SCIENTIST.****BY RICHARD MORTON.****I.—THE SECRET OF THE AGES.**

Sir William Wramsay, the great English scientist, had but recently put paid to the pretensions of a French chemist, or alchemist, who had claimed to discover a method of turning base metal into gold or platinum.

Sir William, following the formula of the Frenchman and conducting his experiments in strict accordance with the instructions laid down, had arrived at an entirely negative result. "Six times," he wrote, "have I made the experiment, but in no single instance has there been the slightest trace of gold or platinum." The metals worked upon—iron, copper, or lead—had remained iron, copper, or lead, and the claims of this new magician to turn them into gold were irretrievably shattered.

"The Philosopher's Stone has not yet been discovered," said Sir William, grimly. "For ages men have tried to find it, but the elusive thing is as far away as ever. It is just—bosh!"

And then, on top of this sensational scientific refutation by Sir William Wramsay, had arrived the intelligence that another French chemist was actively at work upon similar lines, and bade fair to achieve success. He was wrestling the Secret of the Ages from the hidden past, and the wealth of the world would be at his disposal.

"Bosh!" said Sir William again. But, being a scientist, and therefore knowing that nothing is impossible, he could not wholly do away with a certain curiosity.

II.—EUREKA!

In his laboratory high on the hill of Montmartre, the chemist was at work. The light of battle was in his eyes, the fire of victory was in his veins, for he was sure that success was within his grasp.

The culminating point of his experiment was at hand. The furnace was glowing, the carefully-guarded chamber was heavy with a smoke-like haze. The chemist, a young man unknown as yet to fame, repressed his excitement with difficulty, but ruled himself to keep a steady hand and an unerring eye.

At length, with a little sigh, he withdrew the crucible from the furnace and set it aside to cool. He raked out his fire, waited a few minutes, then prized off the lid of the crucible. Half in fear, all eager, he gazed at the contents. Then he shouted aloud in his joy.

Victory! He had achieved this wonderful thing. He was now master of a secret that would govern the wealth of the world and place its markets at his mercy. He shivered as he reflected on the mightiness of the power it was his to wield. Knowledge made him the master of men.

He would utilise this wonderful invention for the good of his fellow-men. He sought not to ruin society, nor to paralyse trade; he had no desire to bring the markets of civilisation to a crumbled heap of destruction.

This thing he had done was too much for one man. Somebody must share his burden, must advise with him, guide him, put him in the way of doing the right thing for the sake of humanity. There was but one man—Sir William Wramsay. Sir William would ratify his discovery, and help him to use it aright. To Sir William Wramsay he would go.

III.—THE GREATER THING.

Sir William received his visitor coldly.

"You know the result of my experience," he said. "I hear you claim to have succeeded, but I still doubt. The thing cannot be done without trickery."

"But it can," cried the excited Frenchman. "It can be done. I have done it. I will prove it to you. It is the greatness of what I have done that makes me come to you."

"Nonsense," said Sir William. "I refuse to believe that you can make gold."

"Make gold?" echoed the chemist, looking rather bewildered. "Why, I have never tried to. I have done a greater thing than that. I have made something of greater value. I have made coal!"

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page 354.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

A remarkable plan, whereby all readers of JOHN BULL may benefit, has been arranged with a well-known West End house. The arrangement is such as will interest particularly all those who realise the importance, both from a social, comfort-living and a business point of view, of keeping a well-furnished home.

Our plan is not one that involves considerable outlay on the part of the readers of this journal, indeed the idea is so arranged as to avoid this often heavy and debarring matter of immediate payment. We are able to place at the disposal of JOHN BULL readers the choicest, most select, and most varied stock of furniture London can offer, and whether you are a provincial reader or dwell in London you may equally share the immediate opportunity of selecting from this stock and have just the articles you require sent to your home, carriage paid, and there is no need to worry about the full payments, as will be seen in the next paragraph.

Those who wish to take advantage of this remarkable plan are asked either to call at the palatial showrooms of Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, Ltd., 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C., or send a letter or postcard for the handsome Furnishing Album this house issues, and having called, or with the Furnishing Album in hand, select exactly the furniture you know your home needs in order to look its best. Having decided what you desire, you may arrange to have the same sent to your home.

Now, in regard to the payment question. This is the special plan that has been arranged. Firstly, although you do not pay cash for the articles you desire, you are asked to select the goods at cash prices, and by special arrangement for extending payments over any period you desire you simply add four per cent. to your total cost, and make a first payment of 2s. in the £ only.

Thus you select £100 worth of furniture, total cost £105, first payment, £10 10s.; you select £50 worth, total cost £52 10s., first payment £5 5s.; you select £20 worth, total cost £21, first payment £2 2s.

This most equitable plan throws open for your selection the most replete stock of furniture it is possible to imagine, and whether you desire only one more article for your cosy flat, or a whole houseful of furniture, you are cordially invited to take advantage of this offer.

If you live away from town write for Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's furniture book, sent gratis and post paid. The bargains there illustrated will surprise you, and remember every possible article you could require for home comfort is available for your selection, and in a few days you may have delivered to your house new furniture to brighten your home and greatly to add to your personal comfort.

With this plan there is no need to pay heavy sums away for furniture. You may select your articles at cost price and arrange to pay for the same over a period of years; first payment is only 2s. in the £.

This plan is open to every person to adopt, and the first thing to do is to call at the Wolfe and Hollander Showrooms, 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, or to send to that address for the illustrated furniture book, sent gratis and post paid to all who apply

OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAM.

To H.M. the King of Italy.

SIR,—Though aware of your many shortcomings, I have always recognised your pluck, and I am glad your Anarchist was such a bad shot. I am still more glad that he did not shoot your brave and beautiful Queen. There really ought to be an understanding with Messrs. the Assassins to refrain from outrages when Royal ladies are about. I cannot bear to think of anything happening to a daughter of the charming King of Montenegro. As you have escaped so satisfactorily, I may congratulate you on the timely outrage, which serves to revive your popularity just when your subjects were beginning to hold you responsible for the endless bungling of your soldiers in Tripoli. If you were a little more of a Jesuit, I should almost suspect you of having suborned that Anarchist! Why not take advantage of the incident to restore capital punishment in your stiletto-ridden land?

JOHN BULL.

To ex-President Roosevelt.

STRENUOUS SIR,—Are we never to hear the last of you? You intended poor Taft to be your warming-pan, but I am not at all sure that you may be regarded as a welcome substitute. Taft has, at any rate, tried to enforce the law against the Trusts, whereas you shilly-shallied and exposed yourself to suspicions of connivance. Your dealings with the Steel Trust leave only two alternatives—one of which is that you were a fool. Accordingly, you are an infinitely worse candidate than Taft could ever be. Unless the Party system is to be abolished in America as well as over here, there can be no question of nominating you. I am glad of that, for, to borrow from your hideous vernacular, you make me tired.

JOHN BULL.

To J. E. Sutherland, Esq., M.P., and the Rev. James Storach, Trustees of Town Hall, Portsoy.

GENTLEMEN,—Until I read of the action for interdict brought by Dr. William Paterson in the Sheriff Court of Banff, I was unaware that Mrs. Grundy was staying with you at Portsoy. She seems to have caused rather a sensation there already. What I understand is that somebody gave her a handbill announcing a dramatic entertainment in the Town Hall under the auspices of the local bowling and tennis club. "Though a man who wants to keep a harem must go to the East and in Portsoy may marry only one wife," read Mrs. Grundy, on putting on her spectacles, "the true sportsman may, and does, go in for many sports. He has every facility. If you want to encourage sport, relieve your bowling and tennis friends of financial worry, which prevents many marriages, and at the same time forget your troubles and get your money's worth of amusement. Come to the dramatic entertainment." As she finished reading the handbill I understand the dear old lady threw up her hands, uttered a shriek of horror, fell fainting to the pavement, and was eventually carried to the Chapel House hysterically kicking the universal air.

In these sad circumstances, my dear friends, you at once cancelled the letting of the hall—although the plays were so unexceptionable in their morals that even the Lord Chamberlain himself has never suggested that the smallest piece should be chipped off the dialogue. On the interdict action brought against you, the learned Sheriff supported your right to prevent any further shocks to dear Mrs. Grundy, subject, of course, to Dr. Paterson's remedy in damages. I do hope the old lady is now very much better; if not, give her a drop of gin, poor dear. It is a wicked world, isn't it?

JOHN BULL.

Magistrates' Clerk, Burton-on-Trent.

Are all Burton magistrates running into each other and bumping heads? Few days ago, Councillor Blackhall and Mr. Briggs heard charge against man of withholding £70 belonging to local Oddfellows and sentenced him to month's imprisonment while less than a week after Mr. C. Harrison and Alderman Roberts heard charge against another of sleeping on local hayrick and sentenced him to month's hard labour. How would it be if the magistrates decided cases by throwing wooden balls at milky cocoanuts—in any one of which they would find more brains and more milk of human kindness than in their own addled pates?

BULL.

To Deputy Chief Constable Tom Brown, Taunton, Somerset.

DEAR SIR,—It is impossible in these days to regard with favour prosecutions for "fortune telling," and when the police stoop to such tactics as sending their wives to "have their fortunes told"—as they did at Taunton in the case of Mrs. Guest—with the sole object of procuring evidence against suspects, prosecutions of the kind become utterly indefensible. Men and women attracted to "fortune tellers," go partly for fun and partly from curiosity; they receive no harm and as a rule make no complaint. Prosecutions and punishment for palmistry, phrenology, crystallography, pedology, and all the rest of it is the last survival of the stupid absurdities and hideous atrocities of the witch mania—a modern reminder of days when Matthew Hopkins used to travel about the country witch-finding at the cost of the authorities—days when to denounce a woman as a witch was as good as getting her racked, or burned, or drowned.

Time and time again in this case, Mr. Deputy-Chief, the wife of P.C. Guest, and the daughter of P.C. Pointing pressed this woman Guest to say what she charged for her services; time and time again she said she did not charge, and refused to be drawn. "The defendant did not ask for any money," confessed Miss Pointing; "they asked her charge first, and subsequently gave her sixpence each." But this does not make your prosecution any the less paltry, your witnesses any the less provocative of the offence committed, your method of detection any the less contemptible, or the magisterial mulct of £2 17s. any the less disproportionate to the public injury and private deception. The women went to the house of the defendant of their own free will—thus provoking the offence. They were not injured or deceived at all. Is there nothing in Taunton with which you can better occupy your official time and that of your subordinates?

JOHN BULL.

To His Worship the Mayor (Alderman J. W. Martin), Reading.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR WORSHIP,—Since I wrote to your son and partner, Mr. John Lancelot Martin, on the subject of his appointment by your vote and influence as Coroner for the Borough of Reading, I perceive he has extended your confidence in the Martins by appointing as deputy-Coroner Mr. Frederick, of that ilk. The Martins, therefore, seem not only well in the limelight of Reading, but well in for such cash and *hudos* as may be officially going. In due course, my dear Mr. Mayor, doubtless numbers of little Martins will grow up to man's estate, and meantime I suggest you should be careful to educate them for that position in life to which Providence and your Worship, should you be then living, will probably call them. But there are others. Not more than two or three months ago, Mr. Councillor Patrick Connolly was appointed park constable; Mr. J. H. Pugh, clerk to the Education Committee, was formerly a Councillor; the brother of Mr. Alderman Ridley, late vice-chairman of the Education Committee, received a clerical appointment; Mr. James Tutty, J.P., vice-chairman of the Board of Guardians, saw his son appointed to an official position, while Mr. Rainbow, another Guardian, is related by marriage to the caretaker. All this, of course, confirms the theory of hereditary descent of talent.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. C. Jones, Baptist Minister, Spalding.

REV. SIR,—Do the Spalding Guardians still consider you a fit and proper person to be their chairman? I ask these questions because I notice that on the complaint of the Sanitary Inspector the District Council have given you notice to put into a condition fit for human habitation a cottage of which you are the Christian and rev. landlord; that the rent of this cottage has been regularly paid to you by the tenant who, with his wife and children, inhabits it; that the tenant has frequently, in vain, requested you to put the place in proper repair, and that you have now given this man, his wife, and seven young children notice to quit the place, at a time when cottages are difficult to obtain, rather than comply with the reasonable sanitary requirements of the Council of the town in which you preach. Your own conscience is engaged in this business, reverend sir, and your conduct requires some reconciling with your public office. I think the Deacons as well as the Guardians are entitled to a full and satisfactory explanation.

JOHN BULL.

WILL HE SUCCEED?



ASQUITH: "There's nothing else for it now; I must dig a way out!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

BY VERAX.

The news that it will after all require a Minimum Wage Bill to stop the labour trouble and its ruinous effect upon our industries and upon the suffering poor, came as a blow upon the Stock Markets, which had braced up to a remarkable extent, owing to the public having commenced to invest some of their savings. A Bear squeeze in *Mining shares*, in fact, was in full swing. With a sharp relapse in the *Nigerian Tin* market and exaggerated rumours of strained relations between France and Spain over Morocco, moreover, the ursine party received a reprieve which they promptly turned to account. The *Anglo-Continental* incident in *Nigerians* may serve as a warning against excessive speculation in such a market. That a foreign bank—so the tale goes—should have been caught a Bear on options to the tune of £60,000 loss, and that it should have been let in at £8, is almost incredible. But I hope it will stop that kind of business and, above all, such inflation of prices. As to most of the new flotations, they are more than doubtful, and the greatest caution is necessary. As regards the markets generally, as soon as a settlement of the coal dispute is in sight they will doubtless recover. At present the prospective prolongation of the strike has caused a reaction in *Home Rails* and in other *Home Securities*. The advance in *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians* has been temporarily arrested, and even *Coppers* are easier, although the last-mentioned market is bracing up for a boom, owing to the enormous demand for the metal. *Rubber* continues firm, but rubber shares have had a set-back with other markets. *Yankees* have weakened in sympathy with *Foreign Governments*, and *Mexican Railway* stocks are lower, owing to the revolutionary movement. But a sudden change for the better can easily come over the scene, and it should be remembered that with the turn of the quarter money will become much more plentiful. In the meantime, however, Berlin will probably have to pass to a tight money squeeze.

OIL SHARES STRONG—THE RISE IN MAIKOP SHARES—ADVANCE IN EGYPTIANS—A BROADENING MARKET.

Transactions in oil shares are distinctly increasing, and some of the groups hitherto quiescent are coming into notice, but even *Shell Transports* scored a rise at 95s. 6d., reacting to 93s. 6d. on the general malaise. The outstanding feature has been the sharp advance in *Maikop* shares, chiefly those connected with the *Anglo-Maikop* group, which has always been the strongest and most promising. This group was strengthened by the news of the striking of the new baling well on the *Maikop Victory*, on March 11th, while another well is expected to be completed in a week, and No. 1 well should be restarted at the end of the month. This, coming on the top of the striking of oil in No. 5 well of the *Maikop Victory* at a great depth, at one time put these shares up $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ premium. *Black Sea Oilfields* also advanced to the same extent, the preferred being quoted $\frac{1}{2}$, and although they have temporarily reacted, they will doubtless improve again. The output of the last-mentioned company has been going up by leaps and bounds of late. The *Maikop Spies* also announce that well No. 2 on Plot 533 was brought into production on March 9th, at the rate of 1,500 poods daily. *Anglo-Maikop* were very strong at one time at $\frac{1}{2}$, reacting, however, to $\frac{1}{2}$. At the same time, this company has such large interests on the *Maikop* field that with the favourable news the price will steadily advance. Mr. George Tweedy has proceeded to Russia to make arrangements for floating a portion of the important *Levanoskoe* area. The *Egyptian* group has also become much stronger, *Egyptian Oil Trusts* rising to $\frac{1}{2}$, reacting to $\frac{3}{4}$, and *Red Sea Oilfields* to $\frac{1}{2}$. There is a curious discrepancy between the quotations, as according to the terms arranged with the *Shell* group, *Oil Trust* shares should stand at exactly four times the price of *Red Sea Oilfields*, so that with these at $\frac{1}{2}$, they ought to be at $\frac{4}{2}$. *Maikop Pipe Line* have also improved to 17s. 6d. *Premier Oil and Pipe Line* are up at 19s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and further important news has been received, following upon the advices of the strong outburst of oil in *Marcel 1*, one of the new wells near the *Maria Teresa* property. The *Maria Teresa* has increased its production to 160 tons daily, and the well *Dorrit* has begun to flow by itself, continuing its production of fully 150 tons daily. It is even mentioned that very strong gases have appeared, sufficient to supply all the boilers on the property with fuel. At the new well, "King Edward," strong outbursts of oil were reported

every day during the past week. The *Perehinsko* district, where this is situated, is likely to become most important, and as the company owns 3,000 acres in it, and rights over 8,000 acres more, the output, which was in February 11,240 tons, is likely to be largely increased, and with it the dividends. *Roumanian* oil shares are about to boom. *Roumanian Oilfields* have jumped 2s. 6d. to 8s., and *Anglo-Roumanian*, *Central* and *Consolidated Roumanian* are all better. The prospects of oil generally are undoubtedly good, especially as to its use as fuel. One of our enterprising dailies has just instituted a test of oil fuel for baking bread, which is reported to have been highly successful, and the protraction of the coal strike will not be lost on other coal consumers, and least of all upon the railway and shipping companies, which are certain in future to use large quantities of oil as fuel.

NIGERIAN TIN MINES UNSETTLED—ANGLO-CONTINENTAL AND KEFFI MINES COMPARED—COPPER STRONG.

The sharp relapse in *Anglo-Continental* on the Bear transaction above referred to has unsettled this market, but the price of *Anglo* had been raised to an excessive level, and it will be a lesson to the gamblers to see them back at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. There is, of course, a sound basis for the movement, as good tin mines, even if situated in *Nigeria*, can make large profits in that metal, which is quoted here £192, while it is stated that it can be laid down here from *Nigeria* at £50. A huge profit, therefore, is to be obtained. *Rayfield Syndicate* are also lower, having reacted to 7, and *Naraguta* are down at $\frac{1}{2}$ ex. dividend. *Champion Tins* have eased to $\frac{1}{2}$, but *Lucky Chance* at $\frac{1}{2}$. *Bauchi* ordinary have risen to 12s. 9d. and reacted to 10s., which I consider very high as compared with the prefs., which stand only at 11s. 9d. *Nassarawa* after rising to 17s., are down at 10s. I mentioned last week *Ida "H"* as owning an important interest in the *Rukuba Company*, a *Nigerian* mine of considerable promise. *Rukuba* have now risen to $\frac{1}{2}$, and *Ida "H"* had improved from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 11, but have also had a set back to 8s. 6d., at which they are cheap. Then there is the *Berrida Company*, which has been floated by the *Champion Reefs* and *Lucky Chance*, and which has a large area, and according to the report, a good property. These shares now stand at $\frac{1}{2}$. *Naraguta Extended*, a producing mine, at anything like 1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ are very cheap. *Keffi* shares have been attacked by Bears, who have spread all kinds of reports, which have since been contradicted. I notice in some of the papers a comparison between *Anglo-Continental* and *Keffi* mines. The discoveries made in the *Jemaa* district have been made on properties belonging to the *Anglo-Continental* and the *Keffi Tin Company*. In the *Keffi*, as in the *Anglo-Continental*, a tin lode has been disclosed, which is stated to be of considerable value, but the capital of the latter is £200,000 in 10s. shares, while that of the *Keffi* mine is £50,000 in 5s. shares, which stand at only 12s. 6d., as against the *Anglo-Continental* shares at 5, after touching 8. From the *Keffi* the latest news is: "The further we go the more satisfactory the lode gets; we have since proved by trial pits to a depth of 4 feet in alluvial ground in the vicinity of the lode same rich values continue." Copper shows a very firm front, and has advanced to 65, while *New York* is sending daily advancing quotations of *Amalgamated Props*. It is evident that promising copper mining shares will go much higher.

ARIZONA MORENCI COPPER SHARES.

Two weeks ago I drew attention to the merits of these shares as an investment, and those of my readers who took an interest in them have no reason to regret it. The price then was 6s. for the £1 fully-paid shares; it has since been 8s., and is now 7s., and from what I can hear a further very substantial appreciation in value is highly probable in the immediate future. It is a well-known saying that "history repeats itself," and it appears likely that the history of the *Arizona Copper Company*, whose 5s. shares stand at 35s., will be repeated by the *Arizona Morenci Copper Company*. Not many years ago the shares of the *Arizona Copper Company* were practically unsaleable, the company had no money, and the miners had their wages paid in shares; yet to-day it makes an annual profit of £25,000, and has paid nearly three million sterling in dividends. The property of the *Arizona Morenci* directly adjoins that of the *Arizona*, in fact, is surrounded by it, and it is proved that the same lodes and equal values of the *Arizona Copper* are existent in the *Arizona Morenci* properties. As soon as the machinery is erected there is no doubt that the *Preference* shares will pay their first dividend of *Seven per Cent.*, and later on, as they are *Participating Preference* shares, they should get an increased distribution. At their present price they are a good "lock-up," with great

inquiries which have been received, some little delay dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour being made to expedite matters.

UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.]

This is the Last Will and Testament

— of me —

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, of Chelsea, in the City of Westminster, gentleman.

I HEREBY REVOKE all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

FIRST, I solemnly affirm that I approach this task of declaring my last wishes with none of the levity which characterised my political career, but with a proper sense of the gravity and importance of the job I have taken in hand.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Captain Craig, of Craigavon, co. Down, Ireland, my Nonconformist Conscience, the same being of such an accommodating and elastic type that it permitted me to smile benevolently on cattle driving, boycotting, moonlighting, and other outrages, as well as treasonable speeches during my term of office as Irish Secretary.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the watch I was wearing when, ruminating in Battersea Park on the provisions of my Education Bill of 1906, I was accosted by a little child with the request to be informed of "the right time, please, sir."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Miss Christabel Pankhurst, late of Clement's Inn, London, the magical cloak, possessing the virtue of making its wearer invisible, which enabled me to spend the best part of my time, when Irish Secretary, out of Ireland (especially when any trouble was afoot) without exciting much public comment.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto David Lloyd George, of Criccieth, in the County of Carnarvon, gent., for use during debates on the Welsh Disestablishment question, the copyright in my brilliant *dictum* that the clergy of the Established Church can at least be relied upon to treat their "h's" with proper respect, if nothing more can be said for them.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Charles Edward Henry Hobhouse, of Corsham, in the County of Wilts, gent., my political and parliamentary colleague in the East Bristol constituency, which adjoins my own, the sum of five hundred pounds, to be kept in reserve for use in case of the unexpected appearance of a "surprise candidate" in any by-election in which he, the legatee, had expected to be returned unopposed.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto the Library of the House of Commons copies of all my published books, and in addition the MSS. of the following works, which I desire shall not be printed until at least ten years after my demise:—

The Nonconformist Conscience: What It is, and What can be Done with It.

Ireland, from Within and Without: Chiefly Without.

Religion a Party Asset in Education Disputes; or, How to take Advantage of Intolerance.

The Chapel, the Bar, and the Cabinet; or, How One Leads to the Others.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH the residue of my property and possessions to . . . [Here follow uninteresting private bequests.]

THINGS WE KNOW—BUT MUST NOT TELL!

The extreme violence of a certain right hon. gentleman's language when referring in the society of his friends to one of his most prominent colleagues.

The name of the distinguished general who entertained bigamists at his country house unawares.

The reason why a certain K.C. was locked out of his flat all night by an angry lady.

The secret history of Lady Warwick's refusal to receive Lord Queensberry at New York.

The amount of the fees and "refreshers" paid by the Prudential Company to Mr. Astbury and Mr. McCardie.

What one of the Prudential directors said about the matter at a recent Board meeting.

Why the Coal Strike leaders didn't want other workers to join in the strike.

The name of the next new peer.

BILLS THAT WOULD NOT SURPRISE US.

WEEKLY REST-DAYS.

A
BILL

To secure three days' rest in seven for all workpeople; to make the first day of April, May, June, July, August, and September respectively a Bank Holiday throughout the United Kingdom; to secure a Month's Holiday for Workpeople; and to secure Payment of Double Wages for Public Holidays.

Presented by Mr. Lansbury,

Supported by

Mr. William Thorne, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Barnes,
Mr. Gill and Mr. Will Crooks.

Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.

BE it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1. AFTER the passing of this Act, the first day of April, May, June, July, August, and September, respectively, or if and when that day be a Sunday, the second day of April, May, June, July, August and September respectively, shall be a bank holiday, and shall for all purposes be deemed to be included in the schedule to the Bank Holidays Act, 1871, and in the schedule to the Holidays Extension Act, 1875.

2. WHENEVER any person has been employed without interruption by the same employer for a period of twelve months (which employment shall not be deemed to have been interrupted by reason of absence of the person employed on a bank holiday, Good Friday, or Christmas Day, or by reason of sickness, in consequence of a strike, or by any temporary suspension of employment at the instance of the employer); on and after the expiration of such period of twelve months it shall be an implied condition of employment that every person employed shall be entitled to have, during every period of twelve months of employment, at least one month's holiday.

3. NO deduction shall be made from the wages of any person employed on account of absence from employment during any compulsory holiday instituted by this Act or any other Act, and such person shall be entitled to receive during such holiday double the wages he would be entitled to receive while at work.

4. THREE days in every seven shall be whole holidays, and the provisions of Clause 3 of this Act shall apply in the case of such holidays.

5. ANY employer or his agent who contravenes or fails to comply with any of the foregoing provisions of this Act shall be liable to the penalties imposed by section nine of the Truck Act, 1831, which penalties shall be recoverable in the manner provided by the Summary Jurisdiction Acts.

6. THIS Act may be cited as the WEEKLY REST-DAYS ACT, 1912.

"WHITE SAILORS WANTED."

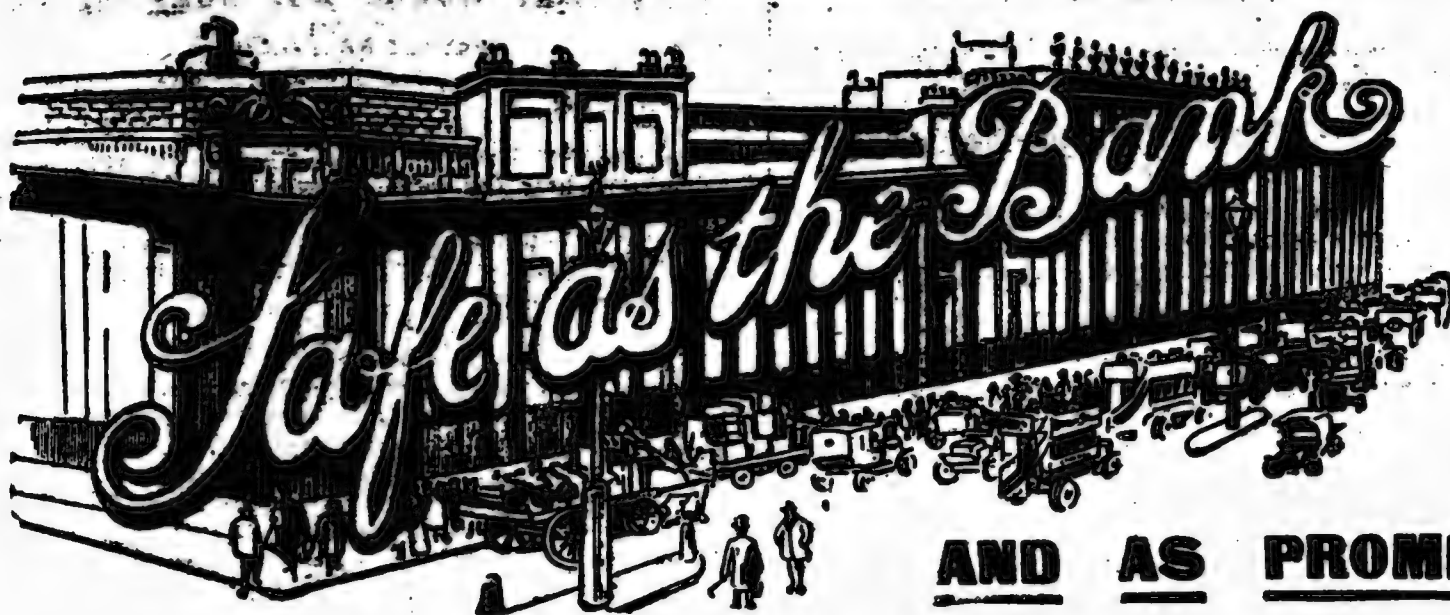
MORE COWARDICE BY LASCARS ON P. & O. BOATS.

It will be remembered that on January 6th last we, alone among the Press, called attention to the scandalous behaviour of the Lascars on the unfortunate P. and O. liner *Delhi*, the white passengers and crew having to use very strong measures to restrain the blacks, whose outrageous cowardice hazarded the lives of the passengers and probably contributed to the regrettable death of the Duke of Fife. Now another P. and O. boat—the *Oceana*—has gone down, and the coloured cowards again lost all control of themselves, adding to the unavoidable horrors a pandemonium of shrieks, bound to destroy the last vestige of composure of the ladies assembled on the crazy deck in the ghastly dawn. Shipowners, of course, save much money by employing Lascars when their own countrymen are out of work, but in the day of trial Lascars form a poor substitute for "hearts of oak."

"MRS. BULL"

Every Tuesday.

One Penny.



AND AS PROMPT.

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DOUGLAS STUART

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Apply—102-104, New Oxford Street, London.

"By far the Greatest Turf Accountant in the World."—*Sporting Life*.



STUART

LONDON and BASLE.



CHARACTER DELINEATIONS.

BY OUR TAME PHRENOLOGIST.

[We have engaged, at enormous expense, an eminent phrenologist—who is, withal, a deep student of current problems—to “feel the bumps” of prominent public men, for the benefit of our readers. How he manages to secure the “sittings” is his own secret.]

WILL CROOKS.

Dry those tears, for goodness' sake. Who the dickens are you? An animated waterworks, I should imagine.

What? . . . Will Crooks? . . . M.P. for Woolwich? . . . Of course. Weeping Willie. Lugubrious Bill. Lachrymose William. Ha, ha! Don't mind me. Only my fun. Sit down, and let's feel your brain-box.

Tch, tch! What a head! Few bumps, but any number of depressions. No wonder you habitually feel depressed. Look here, if you keep on sobbing like that I shall not be able to keep my fingers on your bumps long enough to tell what they are. That's better. Choke down your tears, as the heart-broken heroine does in the novelette.

Now, sir, let me first congratulate you on the fact that you are comparatively free from propensities. True, you have a moderate measure of *Amativeness*, some *Philoprogenitiveness*, and a little *Adhesiveness*. But of *Concentrativeness*, *Combativeness*, *Destructiveness*, *Secretiveness*, *Acquisitiveness*, and *Constructiveness* I find practically no traces.



"Dry these tears, for goodness' sake!"

Look here, sir, if you don't check your moaning and sighing I shall have to close the consultation. We shall have someone up from below presently to see what's wrong.

Turning now to your intellectual faculties, I am afraid I cannot give you a very favourable report. Your bumps of *Locality* and *Language* are the best-developed in this department; but *Comparison* and *Causality*—without which you cannot be a man of business or a statesman—you are deficient of.

All that remain, therefore, are your sentiments. Yours is essentially a sentimental head. You are a man of painful sentiment. . . . What, crying again? How many handkerchiefs do you carry? . . . You have some *Self-esteem*—but, unfortunately, you esteem yourself most when you are miserable. You have some *Love of Approbation*, but unluckily you fancy approval may be won by tears. Of *Benevolence* you have a fair share. But, alas! you accompany its exercise with sighs and groans. You have little or no *Hope*, and your *Ideality* is very restricted. You have a modicum of *Wit*, but there is no joyousness in it.

Altogether, sir, you are a depressing character. It is not your fault. It is your misfortune. Also your friends'.

What about your *Conscientiousness*? Why are you so anxious to know about that? Oh, yes; you've got some of that faculty. It is of the Mrs. Gummidge type—a conscientious determination to make yourself and other people miserable.

No; I can tell you no more, sir. Now pay up, and look pleasant. . . . Only a guinea. . . . Too much? . . . Nonsense. Not for a four-hundred-a-year man. That's nearly eight pounds a week, you know; and you get a three-course dinner at the House of Commons for a shilling. Thanks. Good-bye!

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

By W. M.

[In this column we give from week to week an anticipatory—always good-humoured—Epitaph of some celebrity of the day. We need scarcely say we hope it will be many years before his relatives will have to consider seriously our suggestion.]

Thys

Cairne

Was piled

To keepe downe ye remaynes

Of

James Ramsay Macdonald,

Sometime

Nominal bofs

Of ye Labour Partie.

Born

Anno Domini 1866

Atte Lofsiemouth,—

A one-eyed village in

Ye North of Scotland,

Where ye Irish Whiskie comes from,—

Hee,

Beynge ye sonne of a labourer,

Was cannie enough tae see

There was more siller to be got bye lookynge onne

Than bye doynge ye harde worke.

Soe,

Makyng hymfelfe bufie

As a labour agitator,

Hee managed,

Anno Domini 1900,

To gette hymfelfe appoynted

Seckretarie of ye Labour Partie;

Ye whyche position hee helde until

Anno Domini 1911,

When hee became ye official leader

Of ye sayd partie.

Meanwhyles

Hee hadde contrived

To gette hymfelfe electet

To ye Houfe of Commons

As Member for Leicefter

(For thatte citie's sinnes!).

Beynge short of warldlie gear

Hee naturallie adopted

Socialiftick views;

And beynge curfed wyth a certayne facilitie

In wrytyng,

Loft no opportunitie for expoundynge

Hys principles in ye prefs.

Butte,

Beynge defyrus of obtaynyng

A Post

Under ye Liberal Governmente;

Hee roared

In ye-Houfe of Commons

As gentlie as a suckynge dove:

Until

Hee was called to heel

Bye hys enraged followers.

Thereupon,

Lyke ye obedient leader he was,

Hee started sayinge naftie thynges about Asquith

And ye Coal Stryke,

Therebye

(And none too soone!)

Rehabilitatynge hymfelfe in

Ye goode graces

Of

Hys myrmidons.

Beneathe these rugged stones Macdonald lyes
(Pull out your handkerchiefs and wype your eyes):
The world regards hys lofs wyth little payne
(So juft putt back your handkerchiefs agayne).

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

SEE PAGE 394.

GREAT NATIONAL REFERENDUM.

Tea, Coffee or Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa?

Mr. Sandow's Colossal Distribution of Millions of free "Party Packets" of his famous Health and Strength Cocoa to decide the best daily breakfast, afternoon, or evening Beverage for the British Nation.

Every Grocer, Chemist and Store in the United Kingdom has ready To-day Your Presentation Party Packet, so that You May Decide this Important Question for Yourself.

With the co-operation of retail grocers, chemists and stores throughout the Kingdom, Mr. Sandow has set on foot a great national plan—a National Referendum—to decide which is the best of all daily beverages by giving freely a special "Party Packet" to every home into which Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa has not previously found its way. There is no trouble—nothing to pay—not even a letter to write. Your own trader will hand you the package free.

The question Mr. Sandow asks you to decide for yourself is "Which is the best beverage as the all-the-year-round daily drink, with and between meals, in order to keep grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, the elder sons and daughters, and also the young children well nourished and healthy, with every ounce of energy fully developed, to make of work a light task, and to maintain the high-toned, healthy spirits that secure the greatest enjoyment from the daily round?"

You must make a practical test so that you can form a correct decision, in order that you can make a fair trial with Sandow's Cocoa as against tea or coffee or other drink. Mr. Sandow is prepared, through all grocers, chemists, etc., to present free of all cost to every family in the country a "Party Packet" of his famous Health and Strength Cocoa—a sufficient supply for friends or members of the family to make a test together or for one person to enjoy for several days.

To secure the "Party Packet" supply of Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa it is only necessary to fill in the form below and present it to your grocer, chemist, or stores.

You will keep bright and healthy if Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa is part of your breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper meal. Just those elements the most vigorous as well as the most delicate men and women want are present in their best, most easily digested form without a trace of any adulterant.

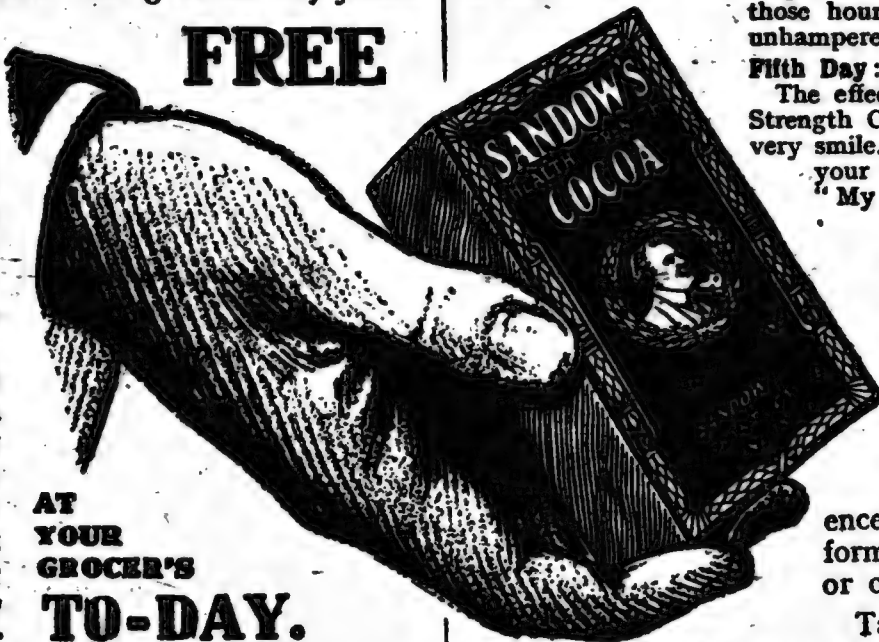
The special method of its production, the costly and highly scientific secret "wind sifting" process by patented machinery—reduces the cocoa to an almost impalpable powder finer than gold dust, but far more valuable, for it gives the overflowing spirits and amazing energy of youthfulness that gold dust, no matter how plentiful, cannot buy.

Let Sandow's Cocoa supersede the "too-much-tea" habit that becomes in time a dangerous drug habit and is the cause of so many cases of dyspepsia and nervous breakdown.

Make a first test of the delights of the new "drink-diet" with the free "Party Packet" to-day, and then let us see the splendid advantage of adopting Mr. Sandow's new beverage consistently.

FREE

AT
YOUR
GROCER'S
TO-DAY.



First Day:

From the very first a new sensation to the palate—a new, delightful, appetising, chocolate-like drink that stimulates from the very first cupful. Cup after cup only adds to the delight, and at the end of the day you will miss that old sense of fatigue—the sign of waste without repair.

Second Day:

No tea yesterday, but Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa throughout the day. Result, no headachy feeling in the morning, no fight to summon up energies. A lighthearted buoyancy as you are going down to breakfast and eagerly await your morning beverage. Out to business you go with a "snap" you never before experienced.

Third Day:

A want-to-remove mountains energy. You feel you must get up early to enjoy your new sense of well-being. Every hour of the day simply bubbling over with enthusiasm—and isn't it splendid when Cocoa time comes round.

Fourth Day:

You feel in finest fettle. There never was so much pleasure in life, and is it not delightful when the day closes to enjoy those hours of peaceful sleep that an unhampered digestive system permits?

Fifth Day:

The effect of Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa is now seen in your very smile. There's a cheery ring in your voice, and friends remark, "My word, how well you're looking."

Sixth Day:

Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa every day now. What, get back into the old rut, with every diversion or duty a cause for worry? Never!

How different all this is from the daily experience of thousands who have formed the "too-much-tea" or coffee habit.

Take or send the coupon below to your local store at once for your free "Party Packet."

You may always obtain further supplies from grocers, chemists, or stores in air-tight sealed packets at 3d. each, or in distinctively designed full-weight air-tight tins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tins, 1s. 3d., 1 lb. tins, 2s. 6d.

Huge Demand for Sandow's Cocoa in Eating Form.

Mr. Sandow wishes to state that so splendid has been the reception of the announcement of his intention to supply his famous Cocoa in eating form that it will be some time before it will be possible to satisfy the huge demands.

Mr. SANDOW Invites

Mrs., Miss, Mr.,

Rev. or other titles

Please sign name.

Address

to accept a "Party Packet" of Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa with his and the trader's compliments entirely free of cost.

N.B.—The invitation is only extended to those members of the public who have never previously tasted Sandow's Cocoa.

Fill in and present this Invitation to any grocer, store, or chemist throughout the United Kingdom. JOHN BULL.

SPURIOUS SYMPOSIUMS.

SUPPOSITITIOUS REPLIES OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

[It is our custom to hold a weekly—imaginary—symposium upon some topic of the hour, giving the views of representative men.]

WHY ARE YOU A LIBERAL?

In view of the rapid spread of the Non-Party Business Government gospel, we thought it would be of interest to our readers to learn the reasons why certain prominent people remain unconverted, still clinging despairingly to the decrepit shibboleths and creeds of the Party system. This week we print some of the replies we have received to the question: "Why are you a Liberal?" and take this opportunity to thank our correspondents for their engaging candour.

Mr. WILLIAM GLYNNE GLADSTONE, M.P., writes:—

I am a Liberal because it would hardly do for a Gladstone to be anything else, you know. When a man makes a great name in either Party, he practically compels all his descendants to adopt his political principles. You see, my granddad, the G.O.M., was an ardent Liberal; his eldest son, my father, was consequently an ardent Liberal also. And it naturally follows that I, his eldest son, am an ardent Liberal too. Not only that—I have inherited the Hawarden estate. Can you imagine a Conservative inhabiting Hawarden Castle? It would seem little less than sacrilege. So you see, my politics were really settled for me by my ancestors—which is jolly convenient, making it quite unnecessary for me to think for myself. There's Uncle Herbert, out in South Africa. He's a Liberal for the same reason that I am—namely, because he was born one.

THE RIGHT HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL says:—

I am a Liberal because, firstly, I am a Nonconformist. I am aware that all Nonconformists are not Liberals, but I don't think much of those who are not. Secondly, I am a Liberal because I am not a landed proprietor, nor a bloated aristocrat, nor a capitalist, and consequently have not much to lose by Liberal legislation. Lastly, I am a Liberal because as a matter of fact I do not take politics very seriously, and it is much easier to talk Liberal platitudes than any others.

Mr. GEORGE CADBURY declares:—

I suppose I am a Liberal because I come of a Quaker family. The Quakers, you know, believe in peace at any price, and used to make a point of wearing their hats in the presence of their superiors. Those, I believe, are essentially Liberal principles to-day, although the last is observed more in spirit than in fact. Moreover, I am a Liberal because I abhor the idea of slavery, notwithstanding that force of circumstances has compelled me to make, indirectly, a good deal of money out of the slavery practised until recently in the Portuguese cocoa islands. But, as a conscientious Liberal, I could not allow my private humanitarian sentiments to interfere with the supply of Cadbury's cocoa essence (being grateful and comforting) to the people. I take the opportunity to make this statement because some rather nasty things have been said about me lately.

SIR F. C. GOULD states:—

I am a Liberal because I discovered many years ago that I was—er, too clever to become the chief political cartoonist to the Conservative party. Liberals, as a whole, are keener critics of art than the Conservatives, so I took my drawings to the market which would pay me best. I was not a bad judge, for I doubt very much whether I should have become SIR F. Carruthers Gould, had I decided to draw only for the Tory papers.

LORD HALDANE writes:—

I suppose I am a Liberal because I have such strong German sympathies. Having soaked my brain for years in German metaphysics, you could scarcely expect me to be a Conservative, could you?

An Ideal Sporting Pictorial.

LOTINGA'S WEEKLY.

Every Wednesday.

One Penny.

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The International Correspondence Schools first train the men and then introduce the men to employers.

The whole vast I.C.S. organisation of expert tutors—correspondence staff, students' Aid Department, local representatives—is ready, waiting to fit you for, and then fit you with, the job that will make life worth living.

Take advantage of it. Only easy, spare time study at home. Terms of payment arranged to suit your convenience. All books free. Read this letter:—

"I think the Students' Aid Department is an excellent and well-managed system for bringing employers and employees in touch with each other, and, with the aid of the 'I.C.S. Weekly,' for finding out the right positions."

(Signed)

W. S. BAILEY.

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Name.....

Address.....

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We have about 300 pairs of our well-known Riding Breeches, cut from Whipcords and hard-wearing riding Tweeds, in good shades of Grey, Drab and Green.

Although these Riding Breeches are made up from various old lengths of materials that have accumulated during the season, there has been no sacrifice in the quality of the work; for they have been made by men who are breeches experts; men who make nothing else but Breeches, and therefore a perfect-fitting garment is assured.

All sizes are in stock "Ready-for-Service," and they are being offered at the closest possible margin of profit in order that they may be disposed of quickly.

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and Cakes, 4d. each.

BRITISH MADE & THEREFORE THE BEST.

The only shaving soap—that gives a comfortable shave with either hot or cold water.

Obtainable at all the leading Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

Sole Makers: JOHN KNIGHT, Ltd.,

Soapmakers to H.M. King George V.

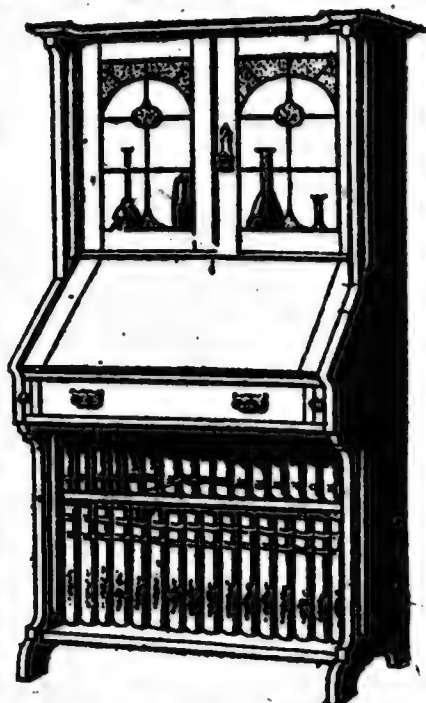
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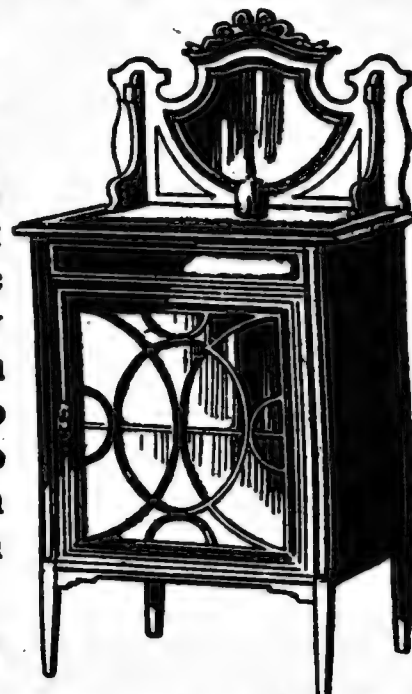


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inexpensive and attractive Sheraton style music cabinet as illustrated.

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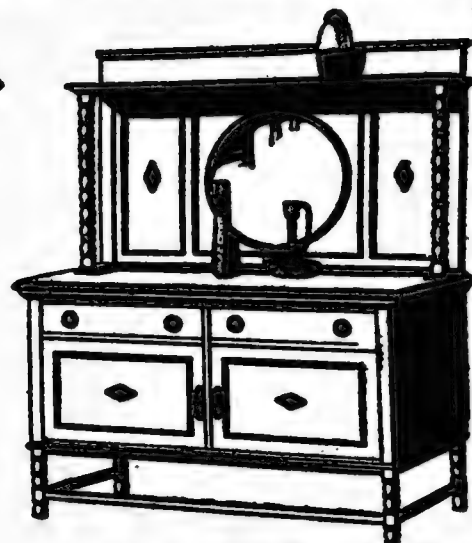
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All goods are marked in plain figures.

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200	...	...	...	4	10 0
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Or by other proportionate payments to suit purchaser's convenience.



Artistic design Sideboards constructed of good, dry and well-figured oak finished a rich antique Colour.

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Country orders packed and delivered free.

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"THE CHALK LINE."

There are such distinct merits in "The Chalk Line," by Fabian Ware and Norman McOwen, such instances of absorbing importance, such wonderful touches pointing to the present intensely acute situations, that it seems a thousand and one pities that the authors did not call upon some master hand to make "The Chalk Line" straight, instead of leaving it wobbly and on the slant. The drama deals with subjects of the hour, which are of stupendous interest to the nation; it shows you how our country is being hoodwinked by a foreign element—a rabid Socialist—disguised as a preacher of peace. In this form the woman—Lady Tree—visits Lord Strachan at his castle in Scotland. The old man has invented a deadly machine which, if put into use, can destroy everything in the universe. But his boy has been killed in the South African war, and since then he has decided to keep his invention to himself. The wicked Countess schemes to become possessed of the "Laird's" secret, and believing it to be safe in her hands, he promises to give it to her on the morrow. The plot to steal the treasure by the woman and her accomplice is discussed, but it is frustrated by a Captain Greig and Lord Strachan's niece. Who obtains the box wherein the thing is hidden is, however, a mystery right until the final minutes of the play. What a storm of enthusiasm would have been roused if, all through, the audience had known England had won, and that she held the sway for *Peace* or *Annihilation* in the palm of her hand. Fog the actors up on the stage as much as you like, but never fog your people in the auditorium. Disclose your cards at once to the lookers-on, but do not keep an ace up your sleeve till the last second; it is too late to play it then. "The Chalk Line" misses its mark only by an inch, and it is more than regrettable, for the subtle meaning is unmistakable, and at this crisis in English history the play at the Queen's Theatre might have worked marvels.

OUR £200 FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS.

Our No. 10 Football Competition has resulted in two competitors dead-heating for the consolation prize of £25. Each of these correctly named the six winning teams gaining the highest number of goals, with the actual scores in the case of one match. The winners are:—

Mr. Alec Brown, 105, Carlisle Street, Cardiff,
and

Mr. W. Edwardes, 76, Forton Road, Gosport, Hants.

For Football Forecast B. the consolation prize of £25 has been awarded to—

Mr. H. B. Burgess, 32, Larch Road, Birkenhead,
who gave 13 correct results.

Competitors will remember that it was this week that the mistake was made in regard to the matches.

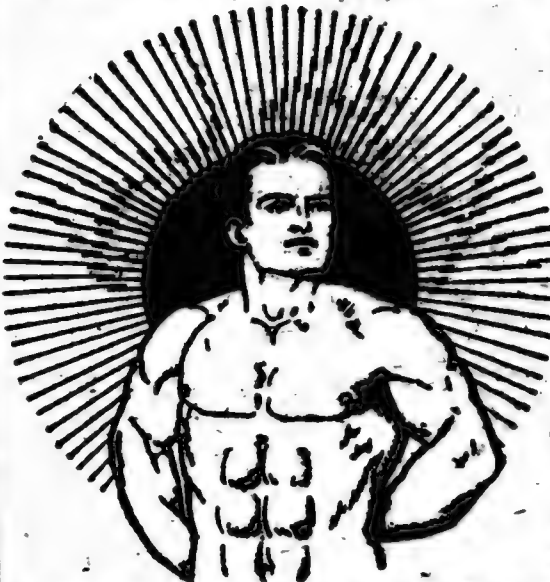
As there are now only a few days before the last day for receiving applications for the position at £200 a year offered by the Caxton Publishing Company, Limited, all readers who are thinking of competing should send in their provisional application at once. All entries must be received by the end of this month, and readers should lose no time in writing for full particulars, which will be sent free. The situation will be awarded to the winner of an examination in business knowledge—for which there is no entrance fee—and to the man who is dissatisfied with his present position or his prospects this is a unique opportunity. The only condition is that applicants must possess the "Business Encyclopædia," as the questions will be based on that work. The following prominent business men will act as judges:—Sir William Treloar, Bart., Sir George Riddell, Sir Joseph Lyons, Mr. T. J. Barrett (Chairman of Pears' Soap), and Mr. J. Lawrie (Managing Director of William Whiteley, Limited). Full particulars will be sent free of charge by the Caxton Publishing Company, 54, Surrey Street, W.C.

OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT,

any condition. 4d. per pair gum-pressed tooth given on vulcanite; 1/- on silver; 1/6 on gold; 3/- on platinum. Strictly genuine. Cash by return. Bankers: Lloyd's.

L. RAYBURN & Co., Dept. 41a, Brazennose Street, Manchester.

"I'M STRONG ONCE MORE."



"I was once weak, thin, emaciated, puny, and a poor fellow. Would you ever believe that I am the same man who came into your office three months ago? Look at me. See how well my muscles are developed. I have strength, vitality, energy, vim, and vigor. That 'AJAX' DRY CELL BATTERY is a wonder. There is nothing like it to put 'steam' and life into one."

Such are the enthusiastic expressions of an "AJAX" patient.

That's what it does. It makes men out of the weakest specimens: big, robust, manly men, the kind that are admired and honored. Wouldn't you rather be such a man and have people point to you and say: "Isn't he a fine fellow?" than be a weakling who is trodden upon and despised? You can be if you will let us pour a stream of electric life into your weakened nerve centres while you sleep.

The "AJAX" BATTERY is a dry-cell electric generator. It is always charged always ready for use. You do not have to be bothered with any acid or other substances in charging it. It gives out its current whenever it is applied to the body. It is endorsed by the highest authorities as the only genuine electric body battery ever invented. The well-known electrical expert, W. Laseles Scott, Esq., after an exhaustive test, says: "The results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations." The Battery secured the Grand Prix and Gold Medal at the International Exhibition.

A FREE BOOK telling all about the electric cure is sent free upon application. It is entitled "Electricity—The Road to Health." It is a volume of 66 pages which is brimful of the things the true lover of health likes to read. It is well worth two guineas to any sufferer, yet it does not even cost you a penny stamp. Please ask us to send it to you at once. We will give you the names and addresses of hundreds of "AJAX" men—the men who have been cured. We have a book for women also. Call at the office for a free test, if you can, or write at once.—THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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IN A
BAD PIPE.

Do you know how good that tobacco you smoke really is? You do not if you smoke an ordinary pipe. Smoke it in a Bewlay Patent Pipe and see how much better it is than you have ever thought. Just a simple ivory disc (see section below) makes all the difference. It stops all nicotine or dust reaching the mouth, stops moisture reaching the tobacco from the mouth, and enables both wet and dry smokers to enjoy a cool sweet smoke. And every

BEWLAY Patent PIPE

is a splendid specimen of pipe-making—well-selected briar of fine grain highly finished throughout, guaranteed not to split or burn with fair usage.

Every post brings most gratifying letters. Obtainable in all the best and most popular shapes, bent or straight.

Gold Medal awarded, Festival of Empire, 1911.

Prices 3/6, 5/3 and 6/6.



When ordering please send rough sketch of shape required. Post free (in United Kingdom and the British Colonies) from the Makers.

Further particulars are given in our interesting Booklet, "Pipes of all Peoples," sent gratis and post free.

BEWLAY & Co., Ltd., 49, Strand, W.C.

Established 123 years.

Sole Importers of the Flor de Dindigul Cigars.

TEA MERCHANTS

By Special



Appointment.

TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

THE MOST DELICIOUS TEA is LIPTONS 1/9

Other Choice Qualities
1/6 & 1/4

LIPTON LTD.,

Tea Planters,
Ceylon.

Chief Offices:
City Road, London.

BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

BUCHANAN'S WHISKY

**"BLACK
— & —
WHITE"**

**The Highest Standard of
QUALITY.**

Founded 1877.

**THE
PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION
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PROVIDENT HOUSE, BISHOPSGATE,
LONDON, E.C.

**LOWEST RATES FOR LIFE ASSURANCE.
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Invested Funds exceed FIVE MILLIONS.

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Write for Terms, etc.

NO DELAYS.

Clients should handle their winnings daily. I don't put your winnings to credit, but post them back to you first mail after results are known. Letters only require to bear a time postmark previous to advertised time of race, to be "on" according to rules.

NO LIMIT TO SINGLES

DOUBLE EVENTS	50 to 1	LIMIT
TREBLE EVENTS	70 to 1	LIMIT
QUADRUPLES, &c.	100 to 1	LIMIT

Credit Accounts:

18, Princes St.,
EDINBURGH.

Wires:

"GALLOP, EDINBURGH."

Established 20 Years.

Write for my book of **PARI-MUTUEL
TICKETS** on the

DERBY

and all principal races in 1912. Sent post free on application.

Tickets 1/- Each. Book of Six Tickets for 5/-.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.

AUTHORS and **ARTISTS** submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).

The EDITOR cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

"**ENQUIRER**" (Southgate, N.).—Though a man become tired of his wife, he is not entitled to turn her out of his house at any time, notwithstanding that he be willing to make her a reasonable separation allowance. You just try it, and you will find yourself hauled up for restitution of conjugal rights. Separation must be judicial or by mutual agreement.

"**ELMER**" (Camberwell, S.E.).—Many firms keep a proportion of their employees' wages in hand, sometimes, as in the case of certain drapery firms, as much as a fortnight's. All you can do is to protest; and we dare say you know what that might lead to.

L. G. (Weston-super-Mare).—We see no reason why your relative should be confined in an asylum if he or she is only suffering from "nervous abilities." Although somewhat rare, this is not considered a dangerous affection. Apply to the local justices.

R. A. C. (Slough), referring to our recent Open Letter to Sir George Sherston Baker, points out that it is not in the nature of worms and cockroaches to sit down, and thinks we deserve one of our own Biscuits. Has not "R. A. C." ever seen a worm stand up?

J. W. H. (Garston) writes explaining the methods of The Provident Clothing and Supply Co., Ltd., of 82, Godwin Street, Bradford, Yorks. As we have before stated, we do not approve of them.

"**ONE WHO KNOWS**" sends us a very disparaging account of the average coal miner. Whether it be true or not, we must always consider the nature and dangers of his employment, and make allowances accordingly. We fancy that, on the whole, the moral character of the coal miner compares favourably with that of the average coal merchant.

The Secretary of the Eclipse Assurance Collecting Society, of Canada House, Baldwin Street, Bristol, wishes—naturally enough—that we would make it quite clear that his Society is in no way connected with the Eclipse Assurance Corporation, upon which we have commented adversely. We have great pleasure in publishing this disclaimer.

MRS. CLARA BARTON, whose name was recently announced as the holder of one of our successful numbers, has received a very pathetic letter from a relative of George Barton, a Sunderland man, who was at one time in the Navy. For four years his relatives have heard no tidings of him and they were hoping that the lady whose name they saw in JOHN BULL might possibly give them some information regarding him. Such, however, not being the case, she has asked us to appeal to him to return, as his absence is causing his mother great grief.

C. D. (Newark, U.S.A.) sends us a cutting from a Yankee newspaper relating how a chicken fancier put some snow eggs under a broody hen to prevent her from sitting. No hen of spirit would take cold treatment like that sitting down.

"**ODDFELLOW**" (Bolton).—There are 110 Socialists in the German Reichstag—to William's utter disgust.

R. H. B. (Kennington, S.E.).—Like yourself, we should want to know a little more about Carr, Bell, Harris, Sons and Co., Colonial Merchants, of 12, Cherry Street, Birmingham, before we accepted a clerical engagement with their Canadian Branch. The footnote on their Application Form likes us not, viz.: "N.B.—All travelling expenses on arrival would be defrayed by us, including meals en route."

A. S. (Tarbert, N.B.) is kind enough to send us a glossary of the Scotch dialect. Eh, ails! it wad mak a fine secret telegraphic code. Only the de'il himsel' could decipher it, he being, we're tauld, o' Scottish oregon.

W. W. (West Ham).—You surely cannot grumble at paying 4s. a month for £5 worth of goods; 2s. a month would be ridiculous, involving monthly payments for over four years. Be reasonable.

G. J. (Handsworth) writes: "If you could see me I could tell you a lot which will fill your paper." That would be too much.

"**TAY**" (Rhyl) suggests that the Government should buy those mines which will have to be closed down if the minimum wage is adopted, and work them for the Navy by convict labour. Not bad. But what about the warders? No firearms could be carried, without which we, at any rate, would not care to encounter an infuriated convict armed with a coal pick, down in the gloomy depths of a mine.

"**ANTI-CIRCUMLOCUTION**" (Sevenoaks).—We do not consider the questions put to artisans desiring to emigrate to Victoria (Australia) too stringent. As these are assisted passages, the Victoria Government have the right to be particular.

"**A CONSTANT READER**" (Greenock) wants to know "the size of the solicitor's throat that the gallant sea dog, 'Admiral Field, C.B.', jumped down?" Full size, obviously.

T. G. (Gloucester) has been successful in Canada, and concludes his narrative by saying, "I thought it only fair to let you see one instance where Canada is better than the Old Country." We are glad T. G. has been lucky; but what is one amongst so many who are not? Canadian emigrants, still beware!

Mrs. H. L. (Lytham).—The Universal School Agency, of 48, Strand, is a dark horse so far as we are concerned. We know nothing about its pedigree or its performances.

G. H. H. (Louth) asks if there is any means of getting Sir Sherston Baker dethroned. Our recent Open Letter and current par. may help to that end.

"**STAR**" (Batham) inquires whether Cadbury has control of the Daily Chronicle. Not yet.

A. E. (Ipswich).—As the money orders you send by post are so often stolen, it would pay you to register the letters containing them. Twopence is only the price of a half of bitter, after all.

"**A READER**" (Spital) is anxious to know what will be done with the large army of salaried officials appointed to work the Insurance Act, if the measure is repealed. This inquiry should be addressed to Mr. Lloyd George. But we do not guarantee that a reply will be forthcoming. The contingency suggested would be one of the most bitter pipes of the famous "rare and refreshing fruit."

S. M. C. (Earls Court) asks us to commend the following lines to the notice of the Rev. S. F. Collier, of Manchester, to whom we recently addressed an Open Letter:—

A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind;
Remember, He Who made thee, made the brute—
Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute:
He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge,
And knows that his Creator is thy judge.

We hope they will sink in.

H. G. (Hemel Hill).—You both have our sympathy; but if your friend is in such poor circumstances, why was she so foolish as to spend 13s. 6d. on the doubtful luxury of a life-size portrait enlargement, however good? We can do nothing.

W. W. (Ayrshire).—How on earth should we know anything about the Bell Furnishing Co., of Southampton, Ontario? We have quite enough to do to keep our eye on the countless shady firms who fatten on the poor in England.

"**HUNGRY ATTENDANT**" has sent us a sample of the "bread and scrape" provided for the attendants' breakfast at the City of Cardiff Mental Hospital. We tried it on the dog, but it was rejected with disgust.

W. H. (Bargoed) tells us he is a poor man, and unable to work these five years, and yet he asks us to let him know where to get lottery tickets! We are always careful to do nothing to encourage reckless gambling.

"**EARNEST**" (Horncastle) writes:—"Can you tell me why, when a girl reaches the teens, she does her hair up and wears a longer skirt?" Sheer cussedness, we suppose. "Earnest" continues: "I consider a girl looks attractive in short skirts and hair natural." So do we—but not a word to Mrs. Bull!

R. O'B. (Kenmare) is anxious for the appearance of the *Lay Lawyer*. A great many people are not, we can assure you. But now we shan't be long.

C. R. (West Brompton) asks when we are going to bring out *Miss Bull*. Jinny is not quite old enough to be presented. We will see about it when she comes of age.

G. L. S. (Cardiff).—We do not recommend dealings with the London Jewellery Company, of 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. There is too much giving away of "presents" to please us.

"**DOUBTFUL**" (Surrey).—We have no idea what openings there are for gardeners in the United States. But you are wise not to think of Canada.

F. J. (Green Lanes, N.) suggests that the negotiations on the question of a minimum wage for miners "is a case of fiddling while Rome is burning." There won't be any genuine fiddling until coal is burning once more.

C. R. L. (Finsbury Park) relates, amongst other remarkable incidents in his career, that he threw "two 6's and a 5 with three dice three times in succession." We have occasionally seen dice that will do that sort of thing, when properly managed.

"**SCOTTY**" (Edinburgh).—Control your Scotch temper. Our correspondents' letters are answered in rotation—if they deal with subjects of general interest. We have not the remotest idea what your early questions were, not having thought your letter worth filing. Repeat them if you like, and take your chance of a reply.

G. E. K. (Perth, W.A.).—You are mistaken if you think we do not admire Kipling. We do—some of him. We note you have a local *Daily News*. Is it anything like our quaint old London contemporary of the same name?

"**A COMMERCIAL**" (Truro) tells us that he dropped in the other evening at the Truro Mock Parliament, in which, apparently, every leading Statesman is personified by the members. He calls our attention to a question addressed to the Prime Minister in regard to the representation of South Hackney, and to the reply to the effect that "he would not hear of taking steps to declare the seat vacant and thus rob the House of an Independent Member whose contribution to debate was always worthy of consideration." Marylebone will have to look to its laurels!

G. L. (Llanymynech) and others.—For the millioneth time we beg to say that the Editor is neither solicitor nor barrister.

"**NOSEY**" (Bradford).—If you were born in Africa, of English parents, you are an Englishman and a British subject.

J. J. C. (Ruspidge).—So you have got the P.M.G. to notice your complaints at last? Congratulations! Ruspidge sub-Post Office is not the only one that wants shaking up.

"**PRAHA**".—Inquire of the Secretary if you want to know how to become a member of the Calcutta Turf Club. Your information will then be official.

"**ANON**" (Peterboro', Ontario) writes a card warning us to "Beware of the asylums. They are stronger than any Government and quite unscrupulous, and the same may be said of Canada's Principal Robbers. I wonder how you dare expose those asylum doctors—they have a powerful secret society." Well, we have exposed the Prudential, so we don't see why we should fear a few asylum doctors.

J. B. L. (Driffeld).—Take no notice of what other papers say about Canada. If you see it in JOHN BULL it is so.

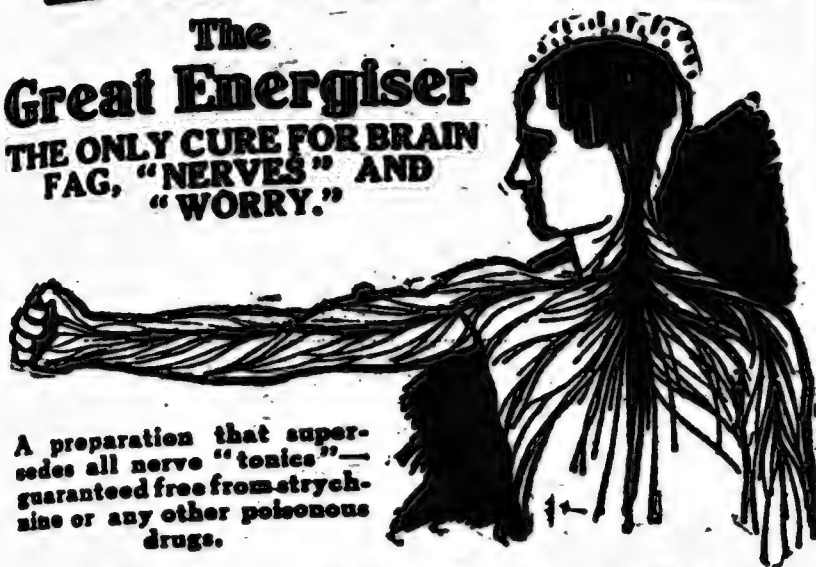
E. L. (Leigh-on-Sea).—We do not recommend you to have any dealings with O. C. Genz and Co., the makers of the "Auto-Knitter."

[We are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

BRAININE

The
Great Energiser
THE ONLY CURE FOR BRAIN
FAG, "NERVES" AND
"WORRY."

A preparation that super-
cedes all nerve "tonics"—
guaranteed free from strychn-
ine or any other poisonous
drugs.



**Brainine Recharges All
Impaired Nerves,
Imparting New Energy.
Some Convincing Testimony.**

From Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.:

"I have much pleasure in stating that during my recent illness
I found BRAININE most beneficial."

A LEADING HOSPITAL NURSE says:—"Under doctor's orders I am now
using BRAININE when on duty, and the effect is really wonderful. Most
of my convalescents take it—and are loud in its praise."

"Please send me BRAININE pellets to the value of 2s. 3d., P.O. enclosed.
I have taken one box and find they are curing that unreasonable nervous-
ness that really amounts to physical cowardice."

Yours faithfully, A. C. B.

"Enclosed please find P.O. 2s. 3d., for which kindly send me three boxes
of BRAININE. I have finished the box I had, and it appears to have done
me good, so I am going to try them on my wife, who is a great sufferer
from nerves."

Yours truly, A. P.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly send me another box of your BRAININE
pellets. I have already nearly finished the box I sent to you for and have
derived great benefit from them. I feel all I can do is to thank God that
I ever saw your advertisement in *Mrs. Bull*. For the last six years I have
been an awful sufferer from nervous headaches which the doctor called
Neuritis. My life has been one of misery, but since taking your pellets
life seems worth living. I have tried everything I have heard of and
nothing seems lasting. I am afraid these pellets might be only easing
me for a time like other things I have taken, but have never found any-
thing to ease me so much as your pellets. I have also recommended them
to my friends."

"I think you should advertise them more for the benefit of poor sufferers
like myself."

Yours gratefully, Miss J.

"Please find herewith enclosed 2s. 3d. for two boxes of BRAININE, as
per your offer. I intend sticking to them; have finished taking first box."

Respectfully yours, A.

WHAT "BRAININE" IS.

"Brainine" is a BRAIN FOOD. It corrects the
error into which the medical profession has hitherto
fallen of treating the NERVES themselves—which
are but the electric wires of the body—instead of the
nerve source, the BRAIN, which is the electric
Battery of the body. Unless the Battery is kept
well charged, the current MUST give out. That is
the explanation of the failure of all the so-called
"Nerve Tonics." No strengthening of the wires will
improve the current if the Battery is run down.
Indeed, it only makes matters worse.

"Brainine" is made up in small chocolate-coated
pellets, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, post free
to any address in the United Kingdom.

If you have any difficulty in procuring a supply from your local
Chemist or Store, cut out this order and post direct with
remittance.

To THE BRAININE COMPANY, 2, Marsham Street, West-
minster, London, S.W.

Please forward me a supply of BRAININE, for which I enclose
P.O. 1s. 1½d.

Name

Address (in full)

State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss

BARGAINS IN SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

TO BE SOLD PRIVATELY BY

The NEWMAN & OXFORD STREET
FURNITURE & ANTIQUE
DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.),
92, 93, & 94, NEWMAN STREET,
OXFORD STREET, W.

The following goods having been removed from Holland Road, Kensing-
ton; Glenheim Mansions, Lisson Grove; Summerville Road, Thames Ditton;
Maddox Street, W.; Gokilmurst Terrace, Hampstead; Westhill, St.
Leonard's-on-Sea; Theobald's Park; and elsewhere, are offered at half
the original cost, and comprise, amongst other articles too numerous to
mention, the following general household effects:—BEDROOM FURNITURE:
6 oak bedroom suites, from £4 15s.; 3 white enamelled bedroom suites,
from £1 4s.; 5 solid oak bedroom suites, with large wardrobe and dressing-
table, with side cheral glasses, £5 17s. 6d.; walnut bedroom suite, reflex
mirrors to dressing table, £8 8s.; an inlaid Sheraton design mahogany
bedroom suite, £7 17s. 6d.; a similar suite, £10 15s.; 4 ft. 6 in. inlaid
Sheraton design bedroom suite, oval glass door to wardrobe, 12 guineas;
4 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, with Beaconsfield wardrobe,
£15 10s.; 5 ft. mahogany bedroom suite, with 2 oval doors to wardrobe,
reflex mirrors to dressing-table, 19 guineas; 6 ft. inlaid Sheraton design
bedroom suite, fitted drawers and trays, 24 guineas; 6 ft. Louis design
mahogany bedroom suite, 28 guineas; 6 ft. walnut bedroom suite, 40
guineas; 7 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, with bow front to
wardrobe, 60 guineas; 7 ft. satinwood bedroom suite, 10 guineas; several
inlaid chests from 50s.; 6 ft. walnut wardrobe, 15 guineas; 6 ft. 6 in.
mahogany wardrobe, fitted drawers and trays, 12 guineas; several iron
bedsteads from 9s.; black and brass bedsteads, 10s.; full-size black and
brass bedsteads, with wire springs, 21s.; 9 oak bedsteads, 15s.; pair brass
twin bedsteads, 5 guineas; pair white and brass twin bedsteads, 3 guineas;
inlaid Sheraton bedstead, including wire spring mattress, £3 15s.; full-
size all-brass bedstead, 80s.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, £2 19s. 6d.;
full-size all-brass square tube Italian bedstead, 8 guineas; and several
others up to 18 guineas. The DINING ROOM FURNITURE comprises fumed
oak dining-room suite, consisting of large size sideboard, 6 chairs, 2 carving
chairs, overmantel, dining table, rug, &c., will accept £13 7s. 6d. the lot;
most massive carved oak Elizabethan design dining-room set, consisting of
sideboard with bevelled plate-glass back, oxidised copper fittings, fitted
cellarette, 6 massive carved oak chairs, and 2 carving chairs to match,
dining table, 16 guineas the set; a similar set, with large sideboard and
2 lounge easy chairs, upholstered in red leather, 25 guineas; magnificent
oak dining-room suite, £8 15s.; oak suite in green pegamoid, £3 19s. 6d.;
sideboard to match, 4 guineas; overmantel, 30s.; Queen Anne design
dining-room suite, £5 15s.; sideboard to match, £7 15s.; dining table,
£2 15s.; handsome Queen Anne design mahogany dining-room set, up-
holstered in red leather, £7 19s. 6d.; dining-table to match, 4 guineas;
Chippendale design set of chairs, ball and claw feet, exquisite design, 12
guineas; oak, walnut and mahogany sideboards, large variety in stock,
from £4 10s. to 40 guineas; about 60 odd dining-room chairs; 20 dining
tables, from 21s.; oak bureau, 21s.; pedestal writing tables; roll top
desks, all sizes; revolving bookcases; a most superb Chesterfield, and
2 large club easy chairs to match in green leather, £15 10s.; mahogany
secretaire bookcase, enclosed by 2 glass doors, cupboards, under 8 guineas.
The DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises very fine, drawing-room suite,
upholstered in art tapestry, £3 10s.; another design suite, £3 10s.; satin-
wood finish drawing-room suite, 7 guineas; an elegant design Louis XIV.
gilt drawing-room suite, £19 10s.; another set, similar design, 14 guineas;
Chesterfield drawing-room suite with 2 large lounge easy chairs, and
4 solid mahogany chairs, most exquisite design, £12 19s. 6d.; large size
double sprung Chesterfield and 2 large easy chairs to match, covered in
silk tapestry, 23 guineas; set of Dutch Marqueterie chairs, 14 guineas;
handsome design Vernis Marten cabinet, 16 guineas; another, 12 guineas;
Buhl cabinet, 11 guineas; another, 14 guineas; table en suite, 8 guineas;
Chesterfields from £3 10s. to 10 guineas; Chippendale design cabinet,
£3 19s. 6d.; similar one, £5 15s.; Sheraton design cabinet, £3 15s.; Sher-
aton design specimen table, 60s.; occasional tables from 12s. 6d.; occasional
chairs, 60 in stock, from 6s. 6d.; 2 white enamel overmantels, 18s. 6d.
and 27s. 6d.; oval gilt table, 10 guineas; pair 9-light candelabra, 8 guineas;
5-light candelabra, 10 guineas; clock in ornolu case, £8 15s.; piano, 8
guineas; an upright piano, iron frame, £12 15s.; ditto by Carl Strauss,
20 guineas; and several others in stock up to 40 guineas; grand pianos
by Steinway, Bechstein, Blüthner, &c. Large stock of carpets, Tapestry,
Mirzapore, Turkey and Oriental carpets and rugs to match, from 18s. 6d.;
a large variety of Axminster and Wilton carpets, always in stock, from
£3 15s. HALL FURNITURE: Hall stands from 20s.; hall cupboard,
3 guineas; large quantity of electro-plate, china, cutlery, kitchen utensils,
curtains, bed and table linen, &c.

Country buyers should call and inspect these goods. All goods Town
or Country free of charge, or can remain stored 12 months free of charge.
All goods can be seen where they are now lying for the convenience of
sale, any day from 9 till 9, except Saturday, when we close at 7 o'clock, at

The NEWMAN & OXFORD STREET
FURNITURE & ANTIQUE
DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.),
92, 93, & 94, NEWMAN STREET,
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.,

One door from Oxford Street, three minutes from Tottenham Court Road
and Oxford Circus, and adjoining all principal tubes. Telephone, 1307
Central. £10,000 worth of second-hand furniture always on show. Cata-
logues now ready. Special attention given to Export Orders. Country
buyers should send for catalogue.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Will our Navy Estimates "go down" in Germany?
 Isn't Polar exploration quite a "profession"?
 Isn't the coal settlement only a question of "weights" and "means"?
 Aren't the convicted Suffragettes rather a "sorry" lot?
 Is the "Tin" boom "sound"?
 Will Poplar give the Eton lads a "jacketing"?
 If Turkey is cut up, who will get the Lion's share?
 Won't "Christabel" be found in some "out-of-the-way" spot?
 Are "Games in Hyde Park" really an innovation?
 Aren't the pawnbrokers taking great "interest" in the strike?
 How much are the glaziers contributing to the Suffragette funds?
 Didn't "The Crown of India" have a royal reception?

Playing golf has been a diversion of some of the strikers. Meantime the trade of the country is "bunkered."

A Chicago man charged with assault was sentenced to imprisonment for one minute. Was it a "second" offence?

The stomach of a cow recently slaughtered contained two knitting-needles. Hoping to make something for the calf, perhaps.

The Suffragettes have evidently been sold under the hammer.

"No consumptive telephones," says a report. But their systems are very often out of order.

A fox that was hard pressed entered a bedroom at Billericay. Many a wizen is found there.

"Pigs in the drawing-room," we read. Nothing new.

Typewriting in the air, is the latest. Many typists would be glad of a rise.

Most of the miners on strike have been visiting the theatres. In the pit?

"Kaiser as Matchmaker." Another striking departure.

"Pinch of the strike felt everywhere," an article is headed. Shopkeepers who have had their premises looted will agree.

"Wedding Shines, Id.," is a notice in a boot shop in Montreal. Most of them cost a bit more than that.

The Suffragists intend to establish a "College of Druidesses" in the Island of Ushant. The place seems appropriate.

The rearing of the 300th performance is a sufficient indication that "Buntz Pulls the Strings" to some purpose.

"The Cure," is the title of a recent book. For insomnia, perhaps?

"Many a girl has too many strings to her beau," says Mary Paul. More have too many beaux to their string.

The coal strike is reported to be affecting the theatres. Empty pits in both, we presume.

MR. BERT FRY, of Bale, the well-known member of Tattersall's, wishes to make it quite clear that he is in no way connected with the individual who, under a somewhat similar name, and from an address in the same town, is conducting a sweepstake. Mr. Fry never has embarked on such an enterprise, and naturally desires his numerous patrons to understand that he is in no way connected with the one in question.

What is Your Number?

Our Weekly Ballot for 50 Helpers at Two Guineas Apiece.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published. To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following claims have been received:—

J. RIDGERS, 9, Brocas Street, Eton, Bucks.—No. 525,010. February 10th.
 H. STEELE, 18, Palmerston Avenue, Litherland, Liverpool.—No. 581,159. February 10th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 24th, 1912:—

9102	153585	371462	527951	639293
20396	160416	390490	538365	657295
35876	171370	417399	554152	671095
69620	195083	430963	584355	680973
85422	227639	467243	578480	708236
98837	242555	472497	597495	741337
110408	253259	491085	604016	750987
115770	309379	502034	615191	825632
125356	325005	512955	621681	842555
136245	351129	516381	638613	844354

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 20TH (PUBLISHED APRIL 18TH).

IS THIS MAN GIFTED WITH STRANGE POWER?

Prominent People Say He Reads Their Lives as an Open Book.

Do You Want to Know about Your Business, Marriage, Changes, Occupations, Friends, Enemies, or what to do to achieve Success?

TEST READINGS FREE TO ALL "JOHN BULL" READERS WHO WRITE AT ONCE.



Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centred at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of birth-dates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers, and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Reddit writes: "My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read, as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

Mr. Fred Walton writes: "I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one has his own Reading. To consult you means success and happiness."

Arrangements have been made to give free test Readings to all readers of JOHN BULL, but it is especially requested that those who wish to avail themselves of this generous offer make application at once. If you wish a delineation of your own life, if you wish a true description of your characteristics, talents, and opportunities, simply send your full name, the date, month, and year of your birth (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:—

"Your power is marvellous
 So people write,
 Please read my life.
 Are my prospects bright?"

Send your letter to Mr. Clay Burton Vance, Suite 51C No. 14, Rue de Richelieu, Paris, France. If you wish you may enclose 6d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Please note that 2d. postage is required on letters posted to France. Do not enclose coins or silver in your letter.

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PRESERVE ALL LEATHERS BECAUSE THEY
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WHICH THE SKIN RECEIVED WHEN ON
THE ANIMALS' BACK



ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief to Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup,
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Asthma Cure, in 1/- Tin. Sold every-
where. For Price 6d. 712 send post card to
POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane,
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Instant Relief.

HIGH-GRADE EMPLOYMENT

Is hard to obtain, and many really capable men are compelled
to occupy Unremunerative and Uncongenial Positions because
they cannot get an opportunity of using their Special Abilities
to the fullest advantage. Such men will find Hapgood's a
source of desirable opportunities. We have large numbers of
High-Grade Positions open, and want to hear from Ambitious,
Capable Men. If you are such a man, write us to-day.

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FARROW'S BANK Limited. STOCKS AND SHARES DEPARTMENT.

READERS of "John Bull" who deal in Stocks and Shares,
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Farrow's Bank well-known and popular Stocks and Shares
Department. The Bank deals only with the leading Members
of the Stock Exchange.

Full particulars and Prospectus post free on application
to the MANAGER, Stocks and Shares Department.

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HEAD OFFICE:
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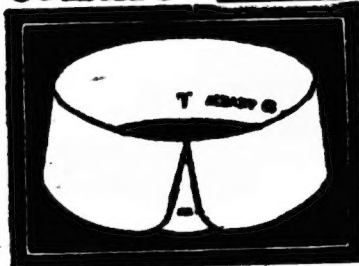
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Irish made and faced
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in our own factory.

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depths.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER,

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44, F. Donegall Place,
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LTD.
LIVERPOOL.

THIS WEEK

Some of
The Contents

ALADY DOCTOR'S
STRANGE CASES

MODERN VIEWS
FOR
MODERN MOTHERS

HOW TO MAKE
HOME "COMFY."

HOW TWO CAN
LIVE ON 25s. A WEEK

THE BEST THING
An Episode

MRS. BULL'S
STORYETTE
By Louise Heilgers

"WITH THE SPRING"
A Simple Love Story

And a variety of other
Interesting Features
including
Needle and Crochetwork,
Cupid's Court, The Doctor,
&c., &c.

MRS. BULL

MY 5-GORED

SKIRT PATTERN ENCLOSED FREE

THIS WEEK



A Splendid Number

Now On Sale.

Buy It To-day.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

[*"Larry Lynx" of THE PEOPLE, "Double U. L." of LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, and "Maggie" of THE GLOBE.*]

Prophetic.

Even under his big penalty, SLAVE OF THE RING looks like winning the Maiden Steeplechase at Portsmouth to-day (Thursday), for it is unlikely that Ballymacad would oppose him (or vice-versa)—especially as the latter is in at Hurst Park on Saturday. The best thing this afternoon is obviously GREEK PLAY, in the Open Handicap at Rugby, for which Irish Mail will make a market.

At Hurst, whichever Teddy Irish runs, particularly BEDGROVE, will win the Trial Handicap, although Covertcoat is bound to be fancied. The gamble, however, must be on WAR DANCE in the Spring Maiden Plate. On Saturday, FLYING LORIS will win the New Century Steeplechase, and ABAKUR the Newton Handicap at Haydock Park.

Writing a long way in advance, so that the ideas must be entirely governed by the many pending trials, &c., I believe that whatever can hold

MERCUTIO

will gain next Tuesday's Lincoln. If beaten in his gallop, go for WARFARE, who is very genuinely fancied, and have just the merest trifle upon TOILER each way, for he will be at a very long price, and is a "live" candidate.

Couple these horses with JERRY M. and CARSEY in the National, with which I shall have a later opportunity of dealing.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS.

By "McW."

Only five more weeks, after next Saturday, March 23rd, to the close of the season, and so, if you have not been fortunate enough to secure a prize in either of JOHN BULL'S big Football Competitions, you will have to hustle. I see no reason why both the £1,000 prizes should not be won. It needs only one week of true form for somebody to be successful. Form this season has been very variable, but let us look for true results on Saturday next.

PROBABLES.

Blackburn Rovers.	Barnsley.
Everton	Derby County.
Manchester United.	Fulham.
West Bromwich A.	Reading.

POSSIBLES.

Sheffield Wednesday.	Hull City.
Sunderland.	New Brompton.
Bradford.	Watford.
Glossop.	Plymouth.

The prettiest and fastest little steam launch, "The Mirry," is for sale or hire. She cost £800, has finest possible engines and is beautifully fitted, but is of no use whatever to present owner, who would accept fair offer.—Apply, R., 121, Howard's Lane, Putney.

HARRY APPLETON

The Man Who Always Pays.
Basle 2, Switzerland.

FOOTBALL AND RACING.

Trade ONLY in One name, and that is my own. Unique Scale of Odds, Racing Season, 1912.

W. & A. FOX, Football Accountants,
BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

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4th Edition

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

HORNET'S BEAUTY or MERCUTIO, which is it?

Post 5/- for "letter" or "wire" and you will receive the L'INCOLNSHIRE and NATIONAL GIGANTIC £1,000 "DOUBLE." We have been praised by L. Lynx of the "PEOPLE," "JOHN BULL," "SPORTING LIFE," &c. The "RACING WORLD" says:—"A remarkable run of big race successes for years past." "THE RACING STUB," High Road, Turaham Green, London.

FOOTBALL

"JOHN BULL" says: "Every week we are inundated with complaints from people who have been defrauded by bogus football accountants. To a very great extent it serves them right, as, instead of accepting fictitious odds offered them by strangers, they could entrust their business to a reliable firm, like that of Bert Fry, and be sure of receiving their winnings."

BERT FRY, BASLE 2, SWITZERLAND.

THE SPORTSMAN, July 14th, 1911, says: "BERT FRY, one of the best-known of the Flushing Turf Accountants, has removed his offices to Basle, Switzerland."

COMMISSIONS ACCEPTED FOR 3 HOME TEAMS.

Special Half-Time Sheet. £50 Free Prize Weekly.
Free Postage.

FOOTBALL.

Send for Price Lists. Every match in the 1st Scottish, 1st and 2nd English and Southern Leagues to choose from.

PATRICK FARLEY,

Turf and Football Accountant.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND; and 19, HOWARD ST., GLASGOW.
NO LIMIT TO DOUBLES OR TREBLES. LETTERS and COMMISSIONS. Pay at Night. Write for Terms.

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WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

THE WORLD'S PREMIER Football Accountants,
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FOOTBALL
H. HAMILTON & Co.,

BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

The Oldest Established Football Accountants in the World. Loting's Weekly for Dec. 30th, 1911, says:—"It is absolutely the punter's own fault if he is now weighed at Football betting when there are such firms as H. HAMILTON & CO. transacting business on Football." Send a postcard (postage 1d.) for the most liberal price list issued. £25 FREE OFFER open to all Clients.

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FORTUNES TO BE WON!
CLIENTS WIN AND WIN AND WIN HEAVILY!
FAILURE UNKNOWN!!!

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without fail each season. If you can possibly find that this great GUARANTEE is not genuinely carried out

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without any deductions whatever.

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tells you how you can make a regular income by Racing! It is most instructive, and will prove a revelation to you. READ IT! It contains scores of PROOFS, testimonials, press notices, &c. Also my SELECTIONS 1909, 1910 & 1911. Write your name and address and words "John Bull" on a Postcard and my book will be sent you by return in

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OF
£10

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Telephone: 1527 Central. Telegrams: "Reglincom, London."

£2,000 OUR TWO FOOTBALL PROBLEMS. £2,000 WEEKLY IN PRIZE MONEY

No Entrance Fee—CONSOLATION AWARD OF £50 MUST BE WON EVERY WEEK.

If you are a football follower the offers we extend to you each week must appeal to you. Both from a monetary and a sporting point of view they are unequalled. Briefly they are as follows:—

1. £1,000 for naming one match of each League in which the most goals are scored on Saturday, March 30—*or*, in other words, £1,000 for three results.

2. £1,000 for estimating the result of the score of matches named below (Competition E.).

N.B.—You may enter the £1,000 COMPETITION FOR THREE RESULTS, *or* the £1,000 COMPETITION FOR CORRECT FORECAST, *or* you may enter both, but remember this, a Voucher from the first page of the cover of this issue MUST accompany each coupon. One Voucher will not suffice for any two coupons. For each and every coupon you send in you must enclose with same a Voucher. Any competitor not complying with this condition will be disqualified.

It goes without saying that the competitions are enormously popular, and football enthusiasts all over the country are anxious to set the seal on their ability by winning one of our prizes. Most competitors doubtless have the points of our schemes at their finger ends by now, but for those who have not we would point out that if going for the £1,000 for three results, all you have to do is to state which clubs in Column One competing against each other, which two clubs in Column Two, and which two in Column Three will between them score the greatest number of goals, and give the actual scores.

If your estimate is the only correct one you will receive £1,000 for your skill. If your estimate proves to be the one most nearly accurate

You Win £25.

Here is an instance from the coupon below:—
Div. 1 ASTON VILLA 4 v. MANCHESTER U. 3
2 CHELSEA 5 v. BLACKPOOL 1
3 L. COVENTRY 4 v. EXETER 3

Taking this as an attempt, and supposing it to be a correct forecast of the 3 games productive of most goals, then your banking account would be increased by £1,000. Were the forecast, although not absolutely correct, the nearest to the correct results, you would win the prize of £25.

If you are looking for guidance, let us recommend to you the views of the great football writer and expert, "McW.", who contributes an article weekly in another column. And last, but not least, do not run away with the idea that we do not wish you to win our mammoth prize.

WE WANT THE £1,000—*or* rather £2,000, TO BE WON.

Remember, in conclusion, that you must select clubs actually competing against each other as set out in the coupon.

No. 13. THREE RESULTS £1,000. COUPON FOR MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, MARCH 30th.

The two opposing clubs in Column One, the two in Column Two, and the two in Column Three which, between them, will total the largest number of goals and the goals which each will score will be as follows:—

ENGLISH LEAGUE (Div. I.).			ENGLISH LEAGUE (Div. II.).			SOUTHERN LEAGUE (Div. I.).		
Goals.		Goals.	Goals.		Goals.	Goals.		Goals.
NEWCASTLE U.	v. TOTTENHAM H.		BRISTOL CITY	v. BIRMINGHAM		BRIGHTON	v. Q. P. RANGERS	
OLDHAM A.	v. MIDDLESBRO'		BURNLEY	v. STOCKPORT C.		STOKE	v. BRENTFORD	
ASTON VILLA	v. MANCHESTER U.		CHELSEA	v. BLACKPOOL		COVENTRY	v. EXETER	
SHEFFIELD U.	v. NOTTS COUNTY		CLAPTON O.	v. HUDDERSFIELD		LEYTON	v. N. BROMPTON	
PRESTON N. E.	v. LIVERPOOL		GRIMSBY	v. HULL CITY		NORWICH	v. WATFORD	
BOLTON W.	v. BURY		LEEDS CITY	v. DERBY CO.		CRYSTAL P.	v. READING	
MANCHESTER C.	v. SUNDERLAND		LEICESTER F.	v. BRADFORD		SOUTHAMPTON	v. PLYMOUTH	
BLACKBURN R.	v. W. BROMWICH A.		NOTTS FOREST	v. GLOSSOP		NORTHAMPTON	v. MILLWALL	
			WOLVES	v. FULHAM		LUTON	v. BRISTOL R.	

I agree to abide by the decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly," and I enter this Competition on that clear understanding.

NAME

ADDRESS

Should no one succeed in estimating all the particulars correctly, then £25 will be awarded each and every week to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly correct. In the event of a tie the £25 will be divided.

CONDITIONS TO BE OBSERVED IN BOTH COMPETITIONS.

N.B.—A Voucher from Page One of Cover must accompany each Coupon.

- The decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly" must be accepted as final and legally binding, and you enter only on that clear understanding.
- Your estimate must be written only on a JOHN BULL Coupon, or on the Coupon to be found in "Lotinga's Weekly," and a voucher from one of these papers must accompany each coupon.
- £1,000 will be awarded in each competition to the competitor (or competitors) sending an absolutely correct estimate. If no competitor is absolutely correct in his coupon, £25 will be given in each competition to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly correct. In the event of a tie the Prize will be divided.

- JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly" will not accept any responsibility whatever in the matter of the non-delivery or delay of any attempt submitted.
- All correspondence in the matter of the conduct of these competitions will be ignored.
- Readers in Scotland are precluded from taking part in our Football Competitions owing to the attitude of their Law officers.
- All competitors claiming prizes must send in their claims by the Thursday following the matches played.
- All competitors must put the name and number or letter of the competition on the top left-hand corner of the front

- of the envelope containing coupons or claims, and their names or *sous des plumes* only must be distinctly written on the back of the envelope.
- Competitors sending in claims must forward copy of coupons to which their claims refer.
- When two or more matches in the same League result in an equal number of goals, then the match including the team highest on the League table the previous Saturday will count in the Three Results Competition.
- Coupons and vouchers for both Competitions may be sent in the same envelope.

95 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C., not later than mid-day Thursday, March 29th next.

E £1,000 FOOTBALL FORECAST E

(No Entrance Fee.) TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, MARCH 30th. (No Entrance Fee.)

(Cross out in ink the club which you think will lose. Where you anticipate a draw do not cross out either.)

BLACKBURN R.	v. W. BROMWICH A.	CLAPTON ORIENT	v. HUDDERSFIELD	NORWICH	v. WATFORD
OLDHAM A.	v. MIDDLESBRO'	GRIMSBY	v. HULL CITY	CRYSTAL PALACE	v. READING
ASTON VILLA	v. MANCHESTER U.	LEEDS CITY	v. DERBY COUNTY	SOUTHAMPTON	v. PLYMOUTH
SWINDON	v. BARNLEY (or BRADFORD CITY).	LEICESTER FOSSE	v. BRADFORD	NORTHAMPTON	v. MILLWALL
SHEFFIELD U.	v. NOTTS COUNTY	WOLVERHAMPTON	v. FULHAM	LUTON	v. BRISTOL R.
PRESTON N. E.	v. LIVERPOOL	BRIGHTON	v. Q. P. RANGERS	COVENTRY	v. EXETER
BRISTOL CITY	v. BIRMINGHAM	STOKE	v. BRENTFORD		

A Voucher Must Accompany each Coupon.

I agree to abide by the decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly," and I enter this Competition on that clear understanding

NAME

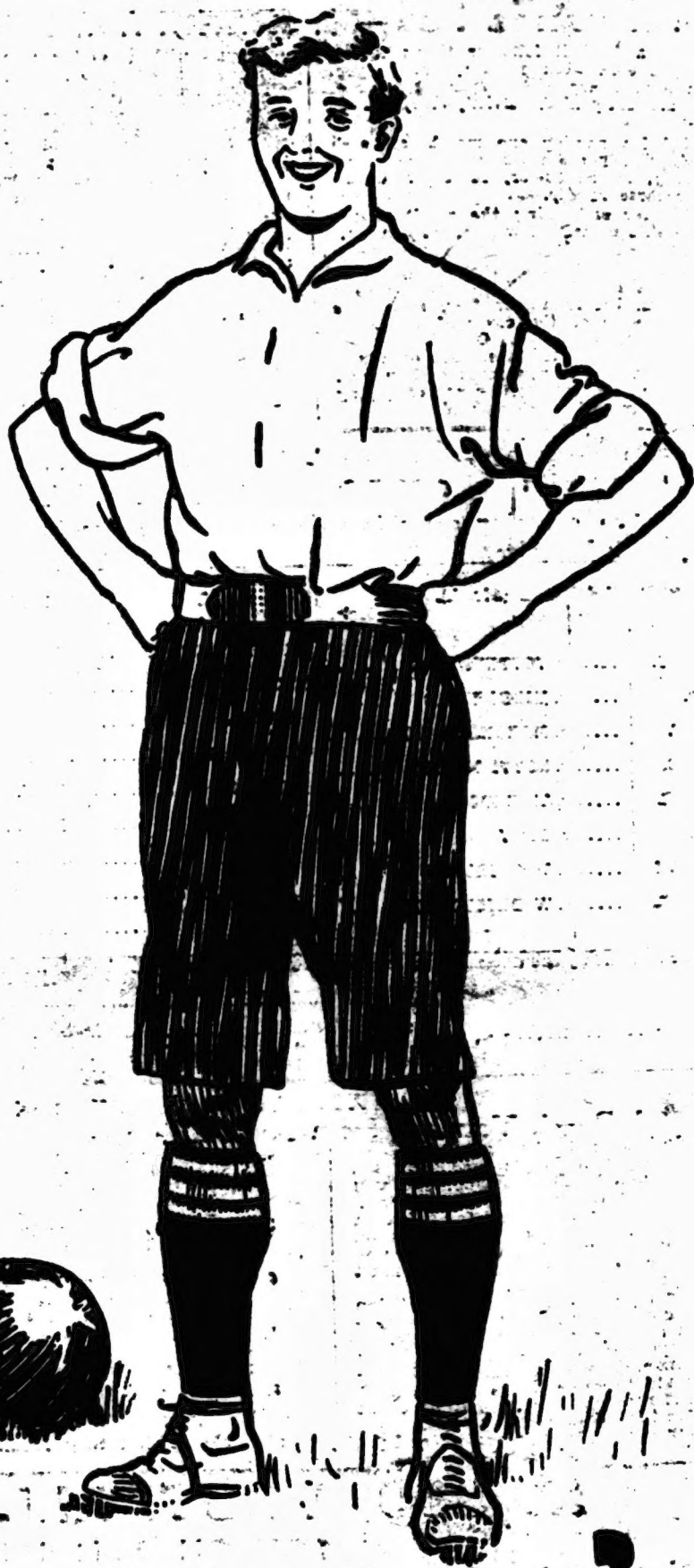
ADDRESS

Should no one give all the correct results, £25 will be awarded each and every week to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly accurate. In the event of a tie the £25 will be divided.

See page 390 for Result of Competition No. 10.

**KEEP YOUR
INSIDE RIGHT**

**AND YOU
WILL BE
GAME FOR
ANYTHING.**



BY TAKING

**BEECHAM'S
PILLS.**

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